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JUNE-JULY 1989

NUMBER 34

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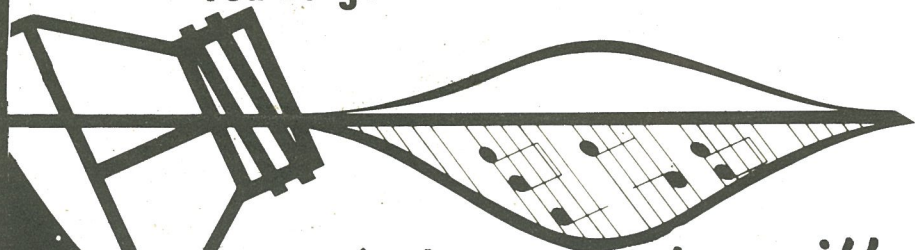
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I was thinking about writing a funny story for a RearGarde Ad when I looked down and saw a fat Roach. I grabbed the nearest copy of RearGarde and smashed the little creature to bits. All over the pretty Cargo ad on the back. I think I found a funny story.

—Elliott Lefko



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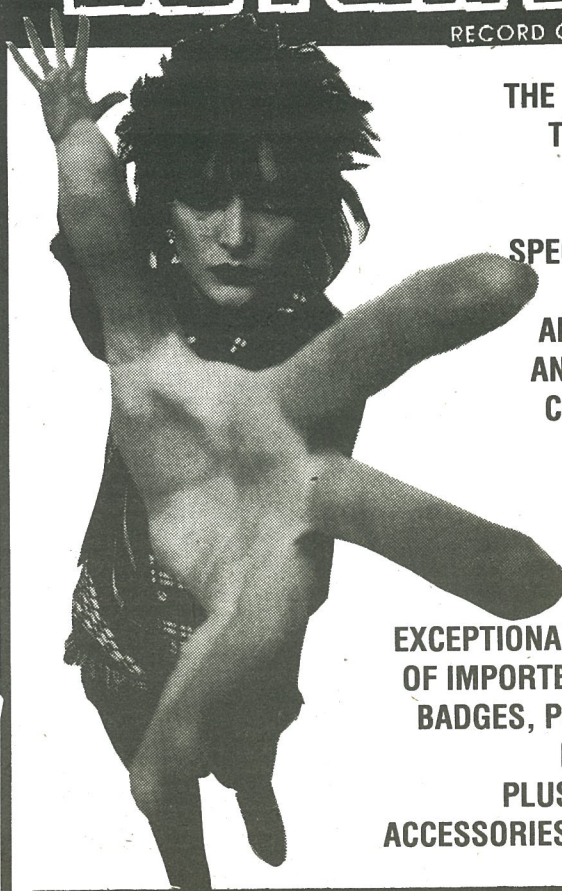
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For those not familiar with RearGarde production, we'd like to point out that the editorial is always the very last thing done in any given issue. This might explain why some of them are so lame and why others don't seem to make all much sense.

In this issue, we completely ran out of time before I could come up with a weird, wild, off-the-wall, or really just any for something to write about. (Except maybe that we've tried to put something to annoy everyone in this issue).

So, what does one do at this point? Well, you see, your beloved editor sincerely believes that **Joan Jett** is the Queen of Rock 'n Roll and happens to have a large selection of pictures of her at home. This isn't one of the best, but it was convenient. We'd like to thank the Village Voice in advance for letting us steal the photo for publication...

Paul Gott

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Welcome to another edition of Banned Info, where nothing is too small, insignificant or irrelevant to print. Or too big...

First off, a brief note about a New Club booking bands in Montreal: **Le Terasse** (or is that 'La Terasse'?—I've always had these gender problems) at 30 Mount-Royal East (telephone 849-3030) has bands going in once a week now. A cheap spaghetti brasserie type place, bands already played or booked there include **Shlonk**, **Broken Smile**, **American Devices**, **Huge Groove** etc etc etc, so you know they're not interested in just lame REM soundalikes.

Says Angie of **Shlonk**'s show at the club: "It was funny, I think. Al was obscene—he was great. The club loved it—they thought it was wild..."

Speaking of Shlonk Department:

Montreal's favourite mostly-female metal/noise/corester band with a sense of humour (how's that for pigeon-holing?) has joined the many MTL bands playing more shows out of town than in. They're playing on the 23rd in New York with **Live Skull** and on the 31st at the Siboney in Toronto with **Union Tractor Pull** as well as July 3rd at Lee's Palace with **Tupelo Chain Sex**.

Why all these out-of-town shows? "Cause I'm a fucking go-getter," sez Angie. Good reason. They also have a Montreal date with **Die Screaming** and **4 1/2 Reasons For An Abortion** (my vote for best band name of the month) at **Foufounes** on the 29th.

The band's also hoping to release a record later this year: "We're going to look for a label to put some cash into it," says Angie. "Why should a rock

band have to pay for things like that when there are record companies out there to do it for you? I mean, if you can't find someone who's interested then what are you doing in this business anyway?"

Ripcordz.

PHOTO: STEVE DOUCET



Attack Of The Incredible Dough-Head

The Doughboys aren't dead, they've just dropped off the face of the earth.

Actually, no, they're back and even played a benefit show at some weird club last month. "We were trying to do CCR covers—it was hilarious," says Jonh Bond-Head (or whatever). "Away from Voivod even played accordion on one song and it was very emotional. At least, I think I saw some people crying."

The band has been recording during their break from live shows, with the second album coming out in August. "It sounds kind of weird, sort of like AC/DC meets the Ramones, but not as good as either," says Jonh. "Mountain is passé, now the big thing with us is Sabbath."

Sure Jonh. The band will be back doing a U.S. tour in August but with no scheduled Montreal dates in the near future.

"I guess the next time we play in Montreal it'll be at the Spectrum for \$16.50 and Edie Gormet and the New Bohemians will be opening for us," says Jonh. "But we're not rock stars yet, we're still nice guys."

They're also getting ready to record their third LP. "We were thinking of calling it *Never Mind the Dredlocks, Here's the Asexuals*, but we haven't made our minds up yet," says Jonh. "It'll sound kind of like really bad radio music—like Guns & Roses with synthesizers. I wanted to put a whole orchestra into the studio, but everything's keyboards nowadays."

Finally, we get an answer as to why the band dropped out of sight after being such publicity hounds for such a long time: "Well, we got a seven-record U.S. contract so we figured we didn't need to do all this promo stuff any more," says Jonh. "Isn't that the stupidest thing you've ever heard of? Who wants to be in a band for seven years?"



BANNED INFO

Teddy's Sex Advice

Dear ET, AI, PS and LB,

Regarding your favourable review of **Teddy Day** in the May issue - you guys hit the nail on the metal-head when you wrote: "Just perfect for those CHUM stations." Gee, maybe I'll be big in Japan.

I can attribute the rest of your giddy review to the photo on the cassette sleeve. It must have been sort of obvious that I was probably getting laid more than you guys.

Maybe you could all play spin the bottle next time you get together, or there is always mail order sex.

Teddy Day

For The Prosecution

Dear RearGarde,

I would like to thank "Jen D.T." for her protesting letter, in the May issue, against sexual illustrations. It's a good thing that she took the time to write about her concern, and I agree with her.

I hope it will open many other eyes to write and get their opinion known about

sexism in papers.

Don't forget, "dear editors", that you have female readers too. Your paper is great though.

Keep the faith "Jen", I'm with you.

Another angry young woman.
Isa B.

(Thanx, we know we have female readers. We also have female writers, photographers and editors. My God, they're everywhere!—ed.)

For The Defense

Dear RearGarde,

RE the explosive controversy over the **Rocktopus** tape cover.

It is a mystery why the angry young womyn, Jen D.T. attacks RearGarde instead of those responsible—us. Does she require RearGarde only print material satisfying the often-niggling demands of people like herself? Such self-censorship is backwards and dull. If we had things your way, Jen, wiggled-

Look, we like getting letters, and we publish just about anything. So write, dammit! That address again is **RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, H3G 2N4.**

out guys like the mentors' El Duce would languish under your twisted neo-puritan media silence and the world would be just that much poorer and beiger for it.

The tape cover is, in a superficial sense, sexist; our tongues were thrust so far into our cheeks it was nuts, when we had our team of graphic artists draw it up. If you feel, Jen, that we "perpetuate misogyny" and the perception that women exist only to serve men, and in this case, a 'Rocktopus', please know that the choice of a pneumatic pre-teen for our tape cover was random, incidental. In fact, all men, women and beasts exist only to serve Rocktopus. Go easy, mama.

Glory to us in excelsis deo,
Rocktopus.

ing artistic people in the band, we made all our own props," says Dan. "We had all these local people dancing around and the band was shuffling about. But, even though we made it last month we had to fake it was summer, so we froze our butts off..."

"Hey, do you guys have a video column?" Sure, *1001 Things to Do With Hamburger Meat and Rock Videos*, page 37.

They're working on a record deal

with a legendary company-that-can't-be-named-because-we're-still-in-the-delicate-negotiations-stage that would get the single better distribution: "If we get the deal, they'd probably release it as a 45 because there just isn't enough music to call it an EP," says Dan. "They asked us if we had a dance mix for *Quand Le Soleil*. We told 'em to get serious."

Everything's Groovy Department: Another new band on the scene that's playing a show a week in town and out is the **Huge Groove Experience**. But they're not exactly a hip dance band as the name might suggest: "Our basic premise is to get up there and rock your socks off," says drummer-about-town Kelly. "We play hard rock so we cut across a lot of audiences, but we all have our roots in the alternative scene. Chris has played with everyone from BOFG to Andrew Cash, Paul's from Jerry Jerry's Orchestra and I'm playing with Shlonk and The Northern Vultures."

"We enjoy playing, and I think it comes out in the music. Every show's different—the crowd's different, the hall's different, we pick up some new tunes and change around the covers. Just because we're playing a lot of shows doesn't mean we're going to get stale."

And, as for playing in three regularly gigging bands, any problems? "Well, we're going to work hard on Huge Groove this summer and there's a lot set up for the Vultures this fall," says Kelly. "And I enjoy playing with Shlonk because of the personalities in the band and the weirdness of the music... It helps to be unemployed."

See, Told Ya It'd Be A Good Year For Vinyl In Montreal Department: The second album of the 4 Guitaristes de l'Apocalypso Bar was released last



Me, Mom & Morgentaller

PHOTO: Melissa Auf der Maur

month with a support tour being planned for later this year. The LP's called *Fin de Siecle (Musique Pour Guitare Electrique)* and was put together by André Duchesne utilizing the talents of folks like René Lussier, Chris Cutler, Remi Leclerk, Jean Bouchard, Ferdinand Richard and Claude Fredette. Kind of an all-star experimental line-up from two continents...

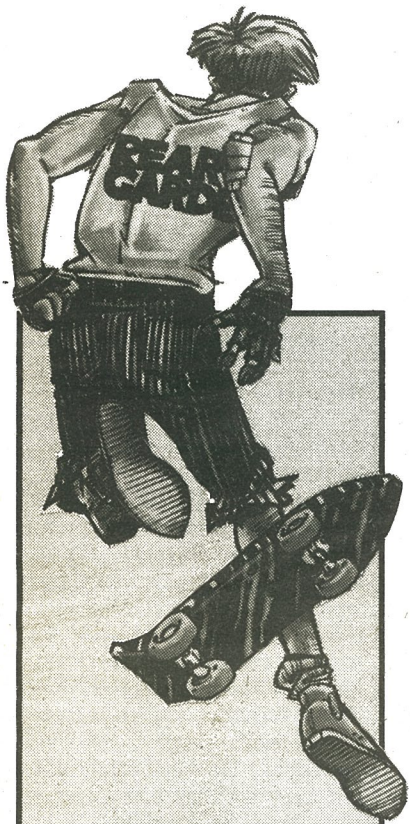
Also out this month are albums from two long-standing Montreal bands, **Condition** and **Ray Condo and his Hardrock Goners**. The Goners have found a new home at Cargo Records after their second album was put on permanent hold when Pipeline Records folded last year...

The American Devices LP is still on

the stands and they're starting to get some reviews back: "We got a review from **What Wave** magazine that says 'we attempt to take people away from reality'," says Rick Trembles. "We're not sure if that's good or not."

More Ripcordz Propaganda Department: No, the band hasn't broken up. To the suicidal girl who left a message on our answering machine, the band's around, practicing, has four shows lined up, a track on the *En Garde* comp., another on the next *It Came From Canada* and an LP out in September. The band just missed a couple of shows recently because of a change in membership—Ewan left the band to pursue other interests.

"I just wasn't prepared to put in the time and effort the band was starting to demand," says Ewan. Oh yeah? Rumour had you leaving because the band wasn't politically correct, or even close to being politically correct. "Not a chance. Those guys, they're such staunch left-wing feminist vegetarian anti-vivisectionist types, I couldn't



Okay, after much rumour (started here) and much speculation (not started here) we finally have a final line-up, set-up and release date for the fabled *RearGarde* compilation album. It even has a name: *En Garde*.

The line-up is as follows: **Groovy Aardvark**, **Infamous Bastards**, **Asexuals**, **Three O'Clock Train**, **My Dog Popper**, **Alternative Inuit**, **Rise**, **Shlonk**, **Ripcordz**, **Deja Voodoo**, **Fail-Safe**, **Killer Dump**, **SCUM** and **Hazy Azure**. All are original tunes released for the first time on vinyl on this record.

The tracks were all donated by the bands for the record and it is being manufactured by **Cargo Records** here in Montreal in a deal where it costs us nothing to put out, but we get a couple of bucks for every LP sold.

"Why this arrangement?" you ask. Well, it's because we're broke and we need \$... lots of \$ to pay our printer and save my stereo from repossession. Anyhow, we'd just like to say in advance, **DON'T TAPE THE BLOODY THING, BUY IT!** and think of it as a way to keep getting free magazines.

Anyhoo, the album is being launched at the same time as we hold the **Support the 'Zine (Rear-Garde Benefit) 2**. That's August 10, 11 and 12 at Fofoufoues, five bands a night with many of the bands on the LP playing, plus other guests. Be there or be illiterate, or something...



E.J. Brulé.

PHOTO: SHAWN SCALLEN

The Big Show in T.O.

I just finished moving, and while cleaning out my desk I came across various notes and scraps of paper that I had filed away and forgotten to report. So I figured I really should take the chance to do it now. But first things first: Zap City had their day in court after being charged with illegal postering. Since the police failed to show up, the charges were dropped. This is strange since the police had earlier boasted that in an admirable example of our tax dollars at work, they spent a busy day following the Zapsters around town filming their postering activities in order to insure conviction.

Handsome Ned died of a heroin overdose in January of '87. But now, two years later, comes the release of his debut LP entitled *The Ballad of Handsome Ned*. It's a collection of tracks both with his band and solo, recorded at different times during his long career. Ned was a much beloved figure in the Toronto scene for years, and Virgin records have done a fine job on this memorial.

The Corndogs have a new LP recorded live at the Marquee Club and produced by Cowboy Junkie Micheal Timmons and Junkie producer Peter Moore. The LP also features Junkie accordion player Jaro Czerwinc.

Jane Siberry should be just about wrapping up work on a new LP, tentatively scheduled for an August release. The LP is described as having a "lean, live off the floor approach". Drummer Al Cross has left and been replaced by Stick Watson from the Shuffle Demons.

The Tragically Hip are also in the studio. Their LP is to be produced by Don Smith, who also served time with Keith Richard's and famed *Rear-Garde* house band The Travelling Wilburys.

Nash the Slash is back. His split with FM after their dismal last album is now official. He's planning a new LP for the fall or "certainly by Christmas".

New LPs also from singer/songwriter Sebastian called *White Liberals on Reggae*, and also one from techno-dude Johnny Analog.

The Bookmen have finished a new video, as have The Pleasure Toys. The Toys also have a UK record deal in the works.

Later,

David James



The Tragically Hip.

PHOTO: SONJA CHICHAK



High Yellow.

PHOTO: SHAWN SCALLEN

touch 'em." Uh-huh.

Meantime, Ewan's trying to form a band of his own with him on bass, more in the **Fail-Safe** model. "Look, I'm really hurting to find musicians," he says. "My phone number's 989-1515. Put that in your Banned Info and smoke it." Right.

Also, **Dr. D** is back and planning shows with Ewan on drums. "We've actually started practicing, so you know something's up," says Ewan. "Sometimes now we even practice once a week instead of once a month. It's exhausting."

"About Fucking Time People Heard From That Quiet Little Girl Behind The Drums" Department: "We're not breaking up," says Billie of the **Infamous Bastards**. "Chico's going to Chile for six months for six months to discover his roots or something, but when he comes back we'll be in your face again."

Before he goes, the band's planning on recording up to 18 songs this month as a demo for an upcoming album called **Masters of Bastards**. The band also has several shows before Chico takes a powder: "Yeah, don't believe it when people say we're already on a break. We figured we'd get everybody sick of us so they'd want us to leave," says Billie, pointing out that the band is getting too popular for its own good. "We have no t-shirts left, no stickers and almost no records. And, believe it or not, people ask for my fuckin' drumsticks at shows. It's tough being a rock star..."

Everyone's Getting High Department: The band that's playing the most shows in town now-a-days has got to be **High Yellow**, who've really made their mark in just a few months of shows.

"I think you get what you want in the scene," says Kim. "We've got a lot of contacts and we do a lot of 'little people' stuff like posterage and publicity. That all pays off."

The band's going into the studio this month to record a planned eight songs, but they're still very much a visual-oriented group: "We like making a show of it, from dressing real weird to having slides projected during the show," says Kim. "Off and on ew have go-go dancers to give us more energy. We think the music's really danceable and the music emphasizes that..."

Who Do The Voodoo Department: **Deja Voodoo's** planned European trip has been cancelled after the outdoor

Finnish Festival and the France tour dates fell through. "So now we've got three thousand **Voodoo Trains** sitting around with "Voodoo Goes To Europe" on them," says Gerard. "I guess we'll have to sit down and write "Sometime Soon" on each one. We could still have gone and sat around a lot between gigs, but we're not quite rich enough."

What they're doing instead is working on some OGgy stuff including the latest **It Came From Canada...** "It's going to include about half new bands and should be quite a surprise for people," says Gerard. "We took some tapes down to CKUT the other day and played them and they went 'Hey! This is Good!' Trying not to sound like someone running a record company, I

Capital Punishment

By John Sekerka

A Roger Rainbow (aka Kwan Chi Hung) tribute album has been posthumously released through Snowy River Records. The folk community at large had a communal hand in this project which features Rainbow's work from various obscure sources. Colin Linden was the driving force behind this one. It's an interesting blend of musics from two diverse cultures and can be ordered through the said record company at: **Box 4655 Station E, Ottawa K1S 5H8**.

Onto the rumour mill: The Desmonds on Og. Did I dream this one? Someone pinch me. Real hard. Again. Again.

Recording was shelved for a spell as a couple of Grave Concerns were busy mugging it up for a Beachcomer episode. Strange but true.

Now that schoo's out, Fluid Waffle have no more excuses. Riding their unprecedented ripple of notoriety, the Waff are supposedly holed up in some clammy dungeon preparing a slab of vinyl. In the mean time the Trapt, Mind Rider and, get ready, the Slurpees have material out on the Waff's indy wreckording company.

Mind Rider?...you ask. This is Brian Bunt's latest venture in his neverending quest to unsettle as many people as possible (maybe he should move to a larger populous). Brian's the one who gave us Skullgiver and several throbbing headaches. Stay tuned.

The Trapt's **A Minute Late...A Dollar Short** Four song seven inch comes wrapped. A thrash collector's delight.

Dirt department: The Town Cryers ousted drummer Iain and there's gossip of heavy language going down (make up your own nail scratching scenario). Personally I think the others were jealous of Iain's hair.

Nothin' to do on June 10th?: Then head down to Carlton University's Porter Hall for another Saturday Night Alive whing ding, this time with No Means No and Grave Concern. And the best part is, you'll be on teevee! Nothin' to do on June 12?: Then head down to City Hall and catch the Fringe/Dayglo trial.

Jes Wonderin': What happened to the herd of mods that milled through-out the Rideau Centre? Well most of 'em are in Orange Alert. Not bad for a sixties retro garage band, and the singer's a tad entertaining to boot.

Cassette Rating: Fat Man Waving's new eight track tape is selling billions and billions. The only reservation I have with this band is that Rebecca Cambell is actually Elizabeth Manley in colorful garb. You heard it here first.

The Streetgirls self-titled seven track tape, as expected, turned out damn fine. It makes a nice gift for someone special, looks swell in the den and is a wonderful addition to your trinket collection.

Substitute album for cassette above. The Whirleygigs' new one **Thunderdust** is everywhere. Sounds pretty good, but they promised a big sound, which I haven't found yet. And the cover's kinda bland. And...and...well, I've only had it for a day, and as all true classics do, it'll grow on me with time. I'm off to their record release party (they've been

think this'll be the best one yet."

There are still a bunch of albums in the works that'll be out this fall including vinyl from the **Bagg Team** and **House of Knives**. "our main problem right now is one of success I guess," says Mr. G. "We go around looking for distributors and ship them all sorts of albums and then wait five or six months to get any money back. On paper we've got scads of money, but that doesn't mean we have any in the bank..."

By the way, congrats to Dave P. from the House of Knives on his upcoming nuptials...

Still Haven't Quite Figured Out That Name Department: **Alternative Inuit** are back, but keeping a fairly low profile. "We've had a break for a year and people expect changes in a band in that time," says Fred. "We haven't changed because it was a total break, so now we're rewriting songs. I mean, if you play the same set, people go 'What the Hell have you been doing?' We don't need that hassle."

The band is playing several shows in town though, as well as a Toronto show on the 23rd. They're also trying to change their image: "Please say that we're trying to lose our reputation as a straight-edge band," says Mark. "I mean, I shouldn't slag it because straight-edge save my life, but we enjoy drinking a beer without having someone yell at us."

Hey Congrats E.J. Department: Mr. Brulé is tying the knot at (where else?) Theatre St. Denis on July 20 in the middle of the Comedy Festival... right in the middle... During a gala, as a matter of fact. "We have to limit the wedding party to 30 people because of the set-up," says E.J. "It's a good thing my family doesn't approve or we'd be in trouble."

For those who can't make the ceremonies, they're having a 'mixed stag' ("where all my rowdy women friends can meet my rowdy male friends") at Foulfoules on July 14 with E.J., the **Waystrels** and **Freaky D.** plus a special surprise in the wedding cake. Maybe...

Finally, a chance for some francophone bands to make it onto a well-distributed comp: **Bondage Records** is putting together a compilation featuring Quebec bands for distribution in Europe and in Canada through Cargo Records. "They're giving a priority to francophone bands, but none of this Quebecois folk stuff," says Nicolas at Cargo. "Keep it nice and hard, rocking stuff, hardcore, fast punk—they want it to have some sort of unity." Send tapes to **Cargo Records, 747A Guy St., Montreal H3C 1T6**.

And that's it for another edition of **Banned Info**. As always, it was compiled from the **RearGarde** wired services by Paul Gott and J.D. Head, with a little help from Emma. If you've got info or propaganda to impart, give us a call at (514) 483-5372.

By The Way...

Shawn Scallen took the Metallica pics, and Melissa Auf der Maur took most of the Me, Mom & Etc. photos published last ish. Our apologies to them both for this late (but nifty) credit.

T.O. MUTTERINGS

Canada's Watching: What Hogtown heavy was used by **MacLean's** magazine as a resident authority on street youth and violence, in the mag's recent in depth look at gang violence in Canada? Could it have been that crazy **Steve Johnson** leader of the **Bunchoffuck-ingoofs**? Could be. Flip through and check out the photo. Co-operation is the key.

Name Game: **Soul Asylum/Beefeater** influenced **Stick It** changed their name to **Bahama 9** then changed it again to **Fumblekin**. Frontman **Crazy Jerry** says they will be available as a **Bad Brains** cover band for weddings, bah mitzvahs and the like.

Name Game Cont'd: **No Mind** are dead, resurfacing under the name **Superfly**. Word has it the three piece will be sharing vocal duties as opposed to looking for a new singer. So there.

Had To Be There: Post-show late night warehouse parties are the current rage in Hogtown, and the last soiree turned out to be a virtual who's-who of Toronto's music scene. Seen mingling with the masses were none other than members of **No Mind**, **Rocktopus**, **More Stupid Initials**, **Fumblekin**. If one looked hard enough, and long enough into the sea of dreadlocks, one could distinguish the faces of members of the **Doughboys**. Wait, wait, that's not all. On top of this were guests from California, **Big Drill Car** who incidently opened for **Change of Heart** and **Groovy Religion** (God knows why), earlier that evening. But the question remains, where were **Blue Rodeo** when all the festivities were happening? They live and practice in the same warehouse complex where these bi-weekly bashes occur.

Terrible Innuendo Terrible: Word around town was that **Pig Farm** were out of commission because their drummer was leaving to "get more serious about her art." Newest word is that she is pursuing other artistic endeavors because, as someone put it bluntly, 'she was kicked out.'

Overheard: "Jonathon Cummins is the only guy in the world who hasn't adopted a rock star attitude." —**Crazy Jerry "Elvis" Fumblekin**.

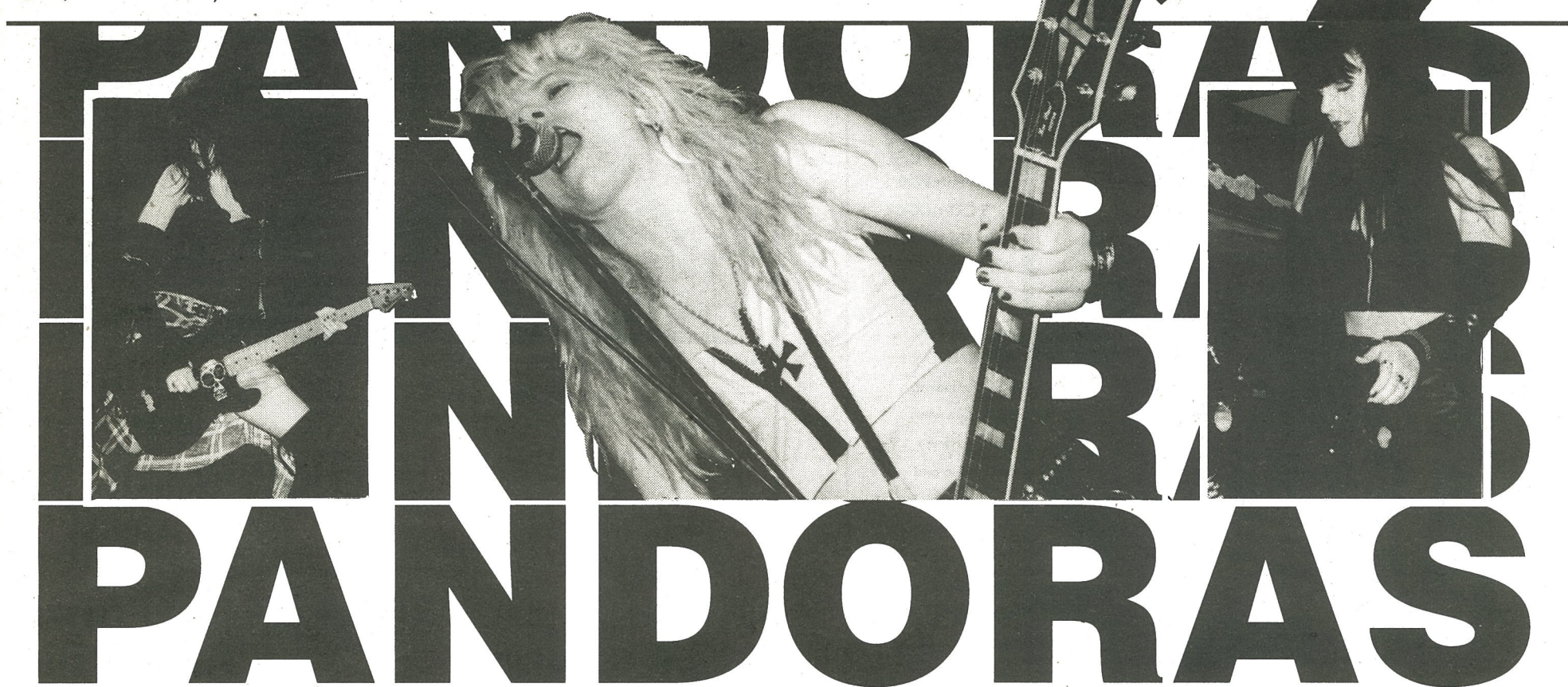
"Montreal's okay. I don't like salon dreads though." —**Suzanne/Flapjax**

"Toronto will never be a world class city, so it should stop trying so hard." —**Pat/Wet Spotz**

Mr. Clean: What local hardcore drummer was seen out of **Filmores**, Toronto's finest adult entertainment lounge? No, he wasn't wearing a smile on his face. Was the same drummer heard saying, "I feel so dirty. I'm going home and have three or four showers."

Compiled by **Rob Ben** and **Julius Sinkivius**.

PHOTO: RINA GRIBOVSKY; (BOTTOM PHOTO, SHAWN SCALLEN)



On May 4th, 1989, Elvis being away on duty, we could not resist and opened the forbidden box: out came four fabulous babes, with all the sin of the world attacking the defenseless Foufounes voyeurs et autres punkettes: unfortunately, the massacre did not hurt anyone, it seems. But Paula Pierce, lead vocalist and rhythm guitar player of **The Pandoras** gave us a devastating interview.

RearGarde: I often feel like asking to some all-girl bands: "Are you that cute inside that you have to do all that cute stuff and you just can't do anything else? ...And there's no hope that anything worse is ever gonna come out?," but, for you, it's different...

Paula: They're not real!

RearGarde: Don't you feel like some kind of stone-age artist or phenom... you must have to break a lot of barriers?

Paula: I know what you mean, exactly...

RearGarde: Well, give us some juicy examples of barrier breaking!

Paula: Well, the girls out there, most of them stall... they still have these old fashioned ideas and go: "We don't like that, what they're saying, that's dirty!"

RearGarde: Like *Six Times a Day*... they don't like that song?

Paula: Yeah, they go: "That's disgusting!", but there's a lot of them who just get into it and they go: "Fuck, man!". It's like girls should have always been saying this because it's no different—I mean, females and males, they both feel the same way, they might as well say it rather than be like: "O.K., we're gonna be the little introverted one and wait for whatever to happen." We just make things happen and I think that's the way to be...

RearGarde: Tonight, most of the crowd was men...

Paula: Oh, definitely!

RearGarde: Are you disappointed? Don't you like seeing girls...

Paula: ...Who are getting into it? Yeah, I do, I like to see them getting into it, because I know that they really relate. But, fuck, I'm just used to that, seeing all males out there. That's fine, it's fun, it gives me more of a... like I get this little...

RearGarde: But being an all-girl band, doesn't it mean that people will say: "Yeah, they're good...for girls!"?

Paula: Well, O.K., we get the men who are just coming to look at us and say: "Oh my God, it's girls!", and just sit there and drool. And they don't give a shit what we sound like, they're just worshipping the fact that we're like these... females doing this. Like, you know, basically a guy rock and roll thing. I mean, there really hasn't been a girl band like ours, I don't think...

RearGarde: What are the subjects for lyrics that trigger your imagination?

Paula: Sex, that's the only thing.

RearGarde: Does it scare guys away sometimes?

Paula: Yeah, they're intimidated, some of them, but some of them love it, they think it's the greatest thing in the world. I'm really comfortable seeing all guys out there.

RearGarde: You look great on stage, meaner than James Hetfield... and you make all these sexy moves and faces...

Paula: I really flirt with the guys out there, that's like a big stage presence move with males... When a guy and a girl will go see us together, if the guy's pretty hot looking, I'll look out there and maybe start looking at him in the eyes, and then I'll look over at the girl sitting there crossed-armed, all pissed off! And then I'll look at him and I'll go: "Ah...I kinda feel bad, but I kinda don't really understand..."

RearGarde: Tell us, how does it happen backstage, is it like for guys bands?

Paula: With the guys?

RearGarde: Yeah, what about

groupies?

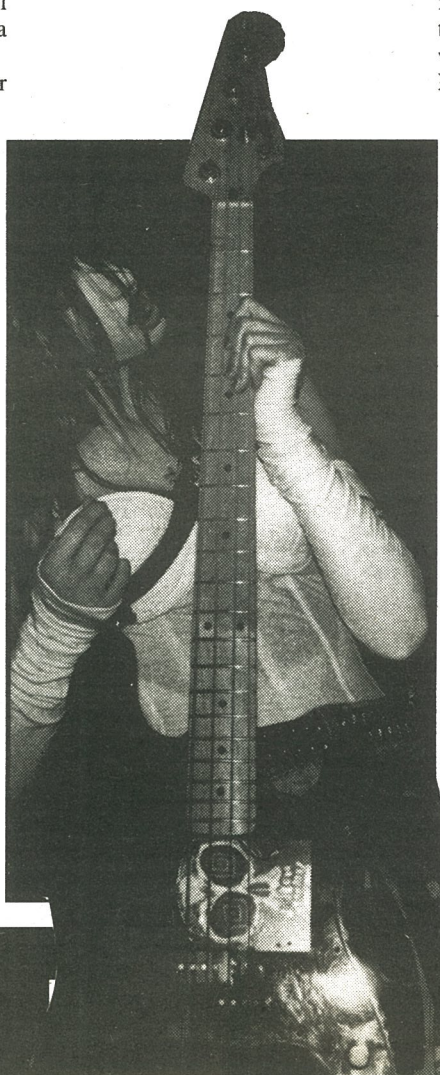
Paula: Look at this! (n.b.: for further explanations, ask some people with dead brain cells).

RearGarde (pointing at Henrietta Valium): Yeah, that guy is a good groupie to have, he's really talented... Do you have any role model, like a guitar hero or something?

Paula: Mainly, it's a mixture... but when I first started, when I was very little, Pete Townsend was my main guitar hero.

RearGarde: When he broke his guitar on stage and all that?

Paula: The power-chord thing, you know, *Back in Black*...



RearGarde: Your first stuff was pretty garage sounding.

Paula: Yeah, I love that garage sound, like **The Chocolate Watch Band**... that's really cool stuff, you know, that's where I got my singing style. The lead singer was really good... and **The Sonics**, they had a great singer—early Jagger, that type. I could never name any females that have ever inspired me. Well, the girl band that was around when I was a teenager first going to clubs was **The Runaways**, and I thought what they were doing was great just because of the fact that they were girls, and they were playing rock and roll, you know what I mean? Not necessarily any particular thing that they did that I was influenced by, it was just the whole fucking concept...

RearGarde: Didn't you start as a sort of sixties revival thing?

Paula: Ah... very like sixties type melodies and harmonies. We went through a dumb phase where... I mean we went through a silly phase where, you know, we wore dumb, thrift store clothing.

RearGarde: Well, we've all been through that, you know...

Paula: But I guess it was more like an underground type, alternative thing where we came from...

RearGarde: Were there a lot of girl musicians in that crowd, like do you know a lot of other girls who play rock music?

Paula: I know **The Bangles**, they're pretty cool.

RearGarde: How do you define yourselves compared to **The Bangles**? Are you like their anti-christ or something?

Paula: What?

RearGarde: Like "The dark side of **The Bangles**".

Paula: (laughs)

RearGarde: Well, that's a bit how some people see you...

Paula: Yeah, actually, as people, they're the same as we are. When

you think about it, there's no thing like 'bad girls' or 'good girls'. With rock, you know, the same shit goes on in any band on the road...

A groupie sitting beside Paula, waiting patiently, but getting impatient all of a sudden: Hey, vous posez trop de questions!

RearGarde: He says we're asking too many questions, but I have to edit this fucking thing and choose the best stuff... (At least, that's what we keep telling people—ed.)

Paula: He's French, he doesn't understand a word of English!

RearGarde: He's really protective... No wonder... French guys are always a bit paternalistic... You play on a Gibson Les Paul?

Paula: Yeah! Les Paul Black Beauty!

RearGarde: What are your big fantasies, musically?

Paula: We plan on conquering.

RearGarde: What's your strategy?

Paula: The only thing I think we have to do is just be ourselves, do exactly what we're doing now, and we have to get it out there, get it known. If we have the right motion behind us... I guess in a way, being a female forces you to be better: You have to be together, totally focussed. I mean, everybody rips you apart, you know, they'll look at you, and if one thing is wrong, they'll say: "Na na na na na..."

RearGarde: Who does that? People at record companies? Journalists?

Paula: Oh, everybody does that, you know... If you're women, you get scrutinized. But, in another way—which is the most important thing—is the fact that we are women and what we're doing really works because of that, you know what I'm saying? I guess we're just a rock and roll band. But the fact that we're females, and we're talking like we are, blows everybody's fucking mind...

Interview by Ch'Alice Camshaft and Emmanuelle F.



Ludwig Von 88

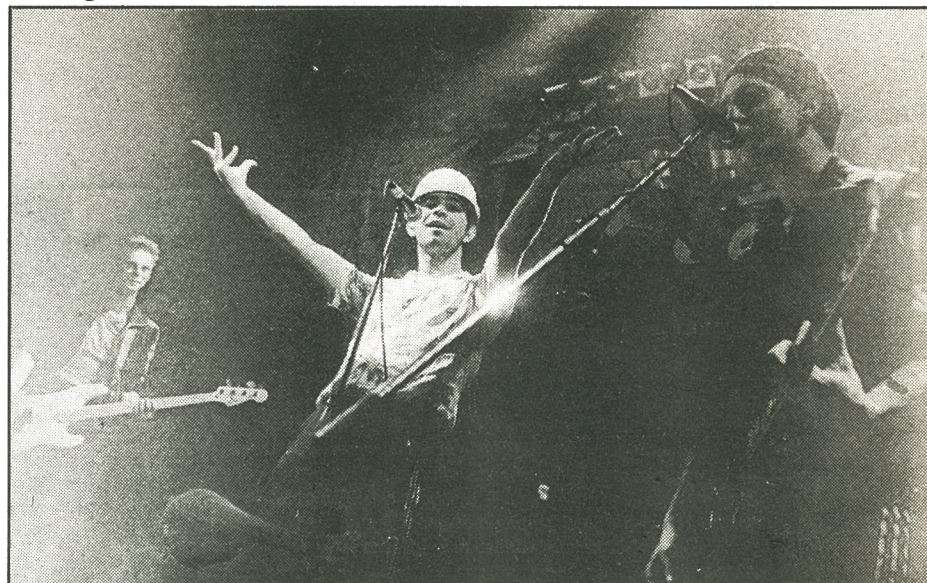


PHOTO: STEVE DOUCET

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RECORD CHART / PALMARÈS

DATE		DATE	
MAY 20 MAI		MAY 20 MAI	
1989		1989	
ARTIST ARTISTE	TITLE TITRE	LABEL ÉTIQUETTE	# of weeks # de semaines
(1) 1 LYLE LOVETT	...and his LARGE BAND	CURB/MCA	(10)
(2) 2 Blue Rodeo	Diamond Mine	WEA	(8)
(4) 3 Roger Manning	Roger Manning	SST Records	(7)
(6) 4 Marie Carmen	Dans la Peau	D.D./Select	(10)
(8) 5 UIC	Like Ninety	Og Records	(6)
(10) 6 Dik Van Dykes	Waste Mor Vinyl	Og Records	(6)
(7) 7 XTC	Oranges & Lemons	Virgin/ABM	(9)
(13) 8 Various Artists	Surf Party	Surf Dust Cassettes	(7)
(15) 9 Various Artists	Mr. Garager's Neighbourhood	Og Records	(7)
(5) 10 Bel Canto	white-out conditions	Nettwerk/Capitol	(10)
(11) 11 Bongos, Bass and Bob	Never Mind The Sex Pistols	50 Skidillion Watts	(10)
(3) 12 Suicide	A Way of Life	Chapter 22 U.K.	(14)
(21) 13 The Hodads	Routine 12"	Les Disques Commotion	(5)
(9) 14 They Might Be Giants	Lincoln	Restless Records	(12)
(12) 15 American Music Club	California	Frontier Records	(10)
(17) 16 Black Sun Ensemble	Lambent Flame	Reckless Records	(5)
(16) 17 Richard Desjardins	Les Derniers Humains	Disques LDH	(8)
(18) 18 Lou Reed	New York	Sire/WEA	(15)
(14) 19 Elvis Costello	Spike	WEA	(12)
(30) 20 Front Line Assembly	Digital Tension Dementia	Wax Trax	(6)
(20) 21 Lloyd Hanson	The Great Debate	DTK Records	(10)
(22) 22 Eric Ambel	Roscoe's Gang	Enigma Records	(8)
(23) 23 French Letters	The Second Sex	Soul-Eyed Pear	(10)
(29) 24 Bonnie Raitt	Nick of Time	Capitol Records	(6)
(25) 25 Too Many Cooks	Too Many Cooks	Main Street/Og	(13)
(33) 26 Swinging Erudites	Unchained Parodies	1 Dimensional Records	(4)
(27) 27 Half Japanese	Charmed Life	50 Skidillion Watts	(9)
(19) 28 The Proclaimers	Sunshine on Leith	Chrysalis/MCA	(6)
(36) 29 Stiff Little Fingers	See You Up There!	Virgin Records U.K.	(3)
(45) 30 Peter Case	Blue Guitar	Geffen/WEA	(3)

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#	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1	SUNS OF ARQA	JAGGERNAUT	ANTLER
2	Oh no, it's The Pixies. Thanks to 4AD	and Elektra U.S. for sending it to us, but no thanks to Polygram Canada.	
3	POESIE NOIRE	PITY FOR THE SELF	ANTLER
4	STRANGE NURSERY*	STRANGE NURSERY	BEAM 103
5	BILL FRISSELL	BEFORE WE WERE BORN	ELEKTRA/MUSICIAN
6	DE LA SOUL	3 FEET HIGH AND RISING	TOMMY BOY
7	NAKED RAYGUN	TREASON	CAROLINE
8	LAVERNE BAKER	BLUES BALLADS	ATLANTIC/WEA
9	GIRLSCHOOL	TAKE A BITE	GWR/ENIGMA
10	BOB MOULD	WORKBOOK	VIROIN
11	M.F.C. BRUIRE*	LE BARMAN A TORT DE SOURIRE	Ambiances Magnétiques
12	VIOLENCE AND THE SACRED*	SUTURE SELF	FREEDOM IN A VACUUM
13	DELIRIUM ASYLUM*	DISSOCIATED PRESS	DELIRIUM ASYLUM
14	REVOLTING COCKS	STAINLESS STEEL PROVIDERS	WAX TRAX
15	DIK VAN DYKES*	WASTE MOR VINYL	OG/ELECTRIC
16	UIC*	LIKE NINETY	OG/ELECTRIC
17	CAP'N CRUNCH & LET'S DO LUNCH*	More Baroque Post-Industrial...	OG/ELECTRIC
18	FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY*	DIGITAL TENSION DEMENTIA	WAX TRAX
19	NORTHERN VULTURES*	NORTHERN VULTURES	GOLIATH
20	ANNIHILATOR*	ALICE IN HELL	Roadrunner/Cargo
21	CONTROLLED BLEEDING	Songs From the Grinding Wall	WAX TRAX
22	RHYS CHATHAM	DIE DONNERGOTTER	HOMESTEAD
23	CINDY LEE BERRYHILL	NAKED MOVIE STAR	RHINO
24	THE FLAMING LIPS	TELEPATHIC SURGERY	RESTLESS
25	THE PROCLAIMERS	SUNSHINE ON LEITH	CHRYSLIS
26	THE TOM TOM CLUB	BOOM BOOM CHI BOOM BOOM	SIRE/WEA
27	KEITH LEBLANC	EINSTEIN	NETTWERK
28	HANDFULL OF SNOWDROPS*	LAND OF THE DAMNED	LISP
29	HIGH YELLOW*	HIGH YELLOW	DEMO
30	HEINER GOEBBELS	MAN IN THE ELEVATOR	ECM
31	LAUGHING HYENAS	YOU CAN'T PRAY A LIE	TOUCH & GO
32	VARIOUS ARTISTS	TURN OF THE GRINDSTONE	K.O. CITY STUDIO
33	CRANIOCLAST	LOST IN KARKNAK	COITRAS CLAN
34	MECCA NORMAL	MECCA NORMAL	K
35	BARRY ADAMSON	MOSS SIDE STORY	MUTE/RESTLESS

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9

PHOTO: STEVE DOUCET

Since forming 6 months ago, **BLISS** has rapidly established themselves as mainstays of the Montreal scene. With members drawn from *Fail-Safe*, *Warbogsawgimik*, *Roughage*, and *Maritime Pride*, **BLISS** has created their own self-styled 'ginky-core'. *RearGarde* managed to catch up with the band just after the release of their 6-song chrome cassette, "Off the Pig!", before they left for a Maritime tour.

RearGarde: Where exactly did you pull the name **BLISS** from? It's a fairly unusual one.

Iain: It's a neat name 'cos it can mean a lot of things. If you hadn't seen or heard the band before it could even be a New Age type experience.

Sylvain: At first we wanted to call it *Mega-Thrash-Death-Bliss*, but it was too long.

Iain: We actually got the name from a mythologist in the States. Joseph Campbell talks about Bliss being the potentiality that each person has. Bliss is a path that each person is on, and you know when you're on the path of Bliss, and you know when you're off it. We figured that was kind of neat, so that's it. The only problem is when we get

because the music has a lot of humour in it, and there's a lot of 'joie de vivre' in the music.

RearGarde: You do seem to have more of a sense of optimism about you, or you convey a sense of optimism, more than most bands in this city manage to do.

Iain: There's so much shit going down, and I think humour is a very effective weapon. You can be very serious about things, and burn yourself out very quickly.

RearGarde: You manage to walk that edge so it's not a sarcastic, destructive kind of humour, but something people can build on.

Iain: It's very easy to slip over into a self-destructive thing. Take the *Meatmen*, for example. The butt of their jokes are people who often aren't in any position to defend themselves.

RearGarde: And if you were one of these people in the audience, you wouldn't feel too great about yourself.

Iain: Yeah, if you're a white, straight male, you'd feel pretty good about it.

Sylvain: With **BLISS**, we try and deal with things with a sense of self-irony.

RearGarde: So you prefer to be, once

Sylvain: In a way it's really important for a band to be aware of their cultural impact. Lots of bands start off being conscious of being politically correct or incorrect. Lots of bands are totally unaware of that, of what they are as a band in the context of whatever—the Montreal scene, Canadian politics, world politics, or whatever. For example, the *Pandoras* are in the best situation to change something, but they are so unaware of what they are. You know, being an all-female band and being at the top, they could really change something, but they are totally unaware of what they are doing, I think.

Mike: But at the same time you don't want to become too self-reflective. It's good to be aware of what you are, but if you dwell on the awareness, rather than just dwelling on the band itself, you become like *Crass*. *Crass* is aware of everything. Too much so because the music stinks. Here I am, out on a limb once again.

Iain: I can see the hate mail pouring in now.

RearGarde: Performance is obviously the attraction with Bliss, or any kind of high energy alternative band. What do you do to prepare yourselves for a show? When we go and see a Bliss show what we see is an

Iain: When we started off in Montreal people were checking us out. 'Cause of my past experiences in *Fail-Safe* they were wondering if **BLISS** was going to be a *Fail-Safe* cover band. Our cassette launch was our best show, as far as interaction with the crowd was concerned. People were really grooving and enjoying themselves.

RearGarde: Do you feel that you're starting to hit stride, as it were.

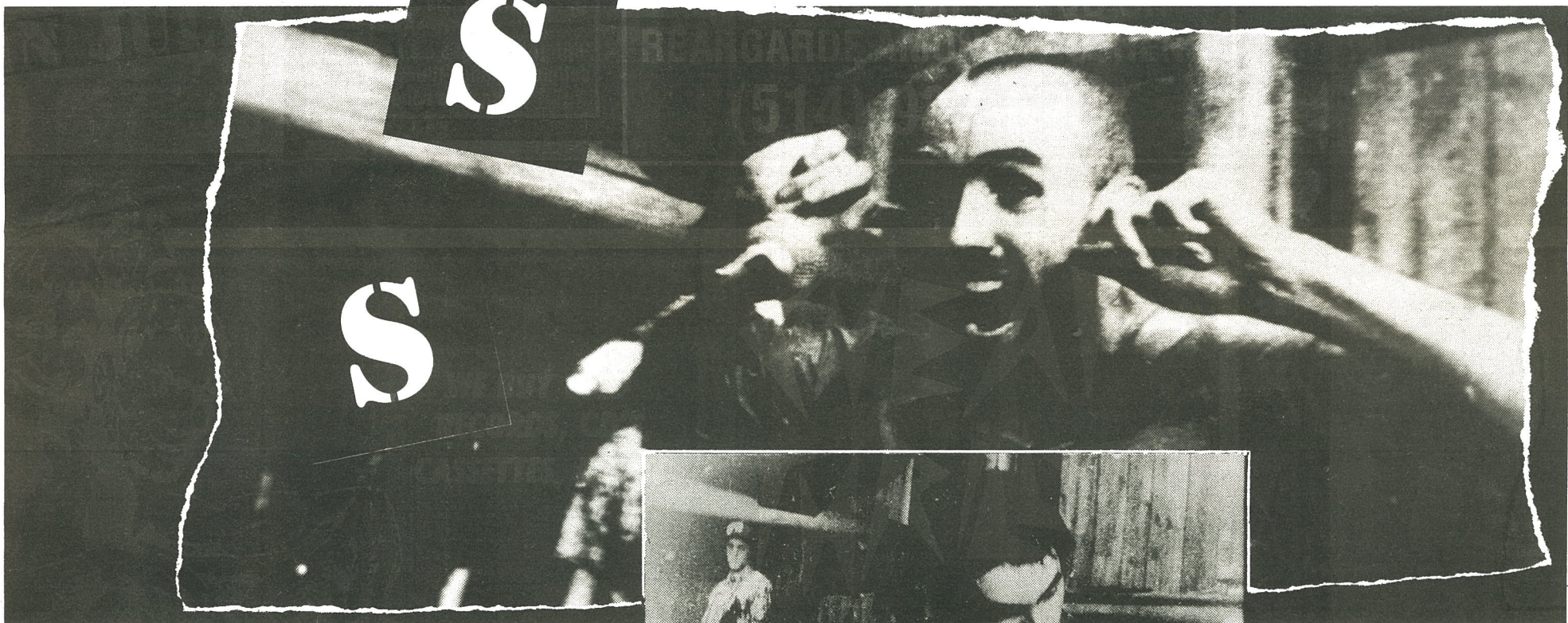
Mike: Yeah, I guess.

RearGarde: O.K., you've got your tape that you're flogging. Are there any other recording plans in the future?

Iain: We've been asked to go on the next *RearGarde* compilation. We're looking for a record contract, but if we don't get it, we'll just keep on putting out tapes. They're relatively inexpensive, and a bit more accessible than records.

RearGarde: Have your experiences in previous bands prepared you for the challenge of marketing **BLISS** in the Information Age?

Iain: I learned a lot in *Fail-Safe* about what to do and what not to do. That's one of the great things about punk/hardcore—learning all the different skills—not so I can sell-



people saying, "Ignorance is..."

Mike: That's right. Or else people confusing us with *Blitz*.

RearGarde: Are there any things you feel have influenced you particularly strongly, either musical or non-musical?

Mike: I switched over to jazz strings recently.

Sylvain: My influence.

Mike: I still play Dean Markham, but they're jazz strings. A bit beefier sound.

Sylvain: I learned bass with a sax player, mainly, with a real free approach to the instrument. I think that shows in my playing with **BLISS**. Nobody really plays the same thing every show. We always play the roots of the riff. It keeps the soul of the band alive. After playing 40 times the same riff, it means nothing.

RearGarde: Who writes the material?

Iain: I write the words and these jokers write the music.

Sylvain: Colin writes the drum beat and Mike writes the guitar line.

Mike: And the weird thing is, we all write complete things, and they all work out at the same time. No—we all bring in riffs, and just beat them to death.

Colin: Stick them together, fight about it for a while until a song comes out.

RearGarde: So it's a process you're all involved in, as opposed to one person bringing in a completed song and saying, "Here, let's do this."

Sylvain: We do that, but it never works.

Colin: Everybody has to put in their contribution, because everybody's represented.

Sylvain: In a way we've passed from the individual sound of the person, and melted it into a **BLISS** sound. Those little breaks there, and the D Part.

Mike: That's right, the infamous D Part.

RearGarde: Musically, **BLISS** is very intense, very aggressive...

Mike: Ginky.

RearGarde: And lyrically, while there's the same force and energy, it seems more like ideas being presented and criticisms being made. Do you strive to actively involve the audience in solutions, or are you more interested in showing them what's wrong?

Iain: It's more like presenting a platter of ideas. It's like a smorgasbord from which people can take whatever they want. If they agree with what's being said, o.k., and if they don't, at least I've tried to put up an issue for discussion. For example, with the song, *Amazing Drugs*, we've been getting lots of feedback from people who went through the Sixties, and who feel insulted or whatever, and feel defensive about the whole thing. What I've done is raise the issue of what role drugs played in the student movement of the Sixties. Ultimately, it's a good thing to raise issues like this and get people re-evaluating what's going on.

Sylvain: I think the lyrics are effective

again, stirring up ideas, as opposed to...

Iain: Yeah, it'd be a lot easier to have a particular set of dogma and to get up on a soapbox and preach at people onstage. To be able to back that up with real life experiences is a lot harder to do. I'd hate to be in a band like *Crass* because it'd be really hard to live day-to-day.

Sylvain: With *Crass* you feel they have more an idea about life rather than having a direct experience. You don't feel it. I don't know if you feel it with Bliss.

Mike: We tried spelling Bliss with a circled A but it didn't work.

Iain: All we could come up with was Blass.

RearGarde: Are you politically correct?

Sylvain: If the fact that being against misogyny and injustice, and trying to understand the situation of power and repression, makes us politically correct, than, yeah, I accept that label.

Mike: The term 'politically correct' is one of these terms that has been slapped around so much that whenever you use it, it sounds kind of stupid.

Iain: My spine always twitches when I hear the term.

incredibly energetic spectacle which obviously takes a lot of preparation.

Iain: Colin does push ups.

Colin: I was just waiting for that.

Sylvain: I'm going to sound like a good Christian: there's lots of respect of the crowd involved. We really care about doing a good show or we wouldn't do it. We never get on stage saying "Oh fuck, if they don't like it it doesn't matter." We really hope they are going to like it, and we'll do everything we can so that they'll like it. And if the song is not good enough we won't play it, we'll work on it until it is at the point where something new or interesting is happening.

Mike: But if they still don't like it then we don't care.

Iain: We try to be a part of it so it is not performer versus audience. Everyone is on the same level.

RearGarde: You've been playing out a fair amount—a bit of a sweep of the Eastern Townships; a fairly extensive sweep of Southern Ontario. What's the reaction been like to your shows? Have you been well received?

Colin: Generally.

out in a couple of years, but just to learn how it all operates. You learn how things fit-in together. You learn the connection between independent music and the corporate world. I think it's good to see where exactly you fit in to things and learn the skills to maybe change the way that works.

Mike: It also shows that there is a definite alternate route to take. You don't have to sign with WEA and go on *MuchMusic* and become like *Bon Jovi* or *Guns'n'Roses* or any stupid band like that.

Iain: Oh great, alienate everybody!

RearGarde: So you're a very entrepreneurial band.

Iain: It's just a matter of wanting to do something, doing it, and doing it properly.

Mike: Yeah, and also, you have control over what you do. You don't have to abide by anyone else's wishes. Except for the other band members. You get the power, the experience, and the control.

Iain: Yeah, control with a capital K.

RearGarde: Paul made me ask this. If you were a mass-marketable toy, what would you like to be? (No I didn't—it's the wrong question—ed.)

Iain: A slinky.

Colin: 'Cos you can't afford batteries.

Mike: A Fumblekin hand puppet. It can be mass-marketed. Really.

Sylvain: A teddy-bear.

Colin: An Iain Action Figure.

Mike: Iain Thumb Wrestlers!

Interview conducted by Giles Osborne.

10

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PHOTO: SHAWN SCALLEN



Believe it or not, one of the best all-girl hard rock/metal bands passed through Ottawa last month, and didn't even bother coming to Montreal. So I had to venture back to my ol' hometown to check out **Girlschool** on a pretty lame Wednesday night, got smashed by myself (the band didn't need my help on that one), and watched a most definitely kick-ass show that was almost all originals except for a **Motorhead** tune or two. The tour was to hype their latest album **Take A Bite**. These British women can rock just as well as the heaviest of boy bands, except they're much nicer to deal with. (Is that a surprise?) I sat down with **Cris**, the guitarist, and **Tracey**, the bassist for a little bit of education in the *Girlschool* way of things.

RearGarde: So tell me, was it fun doing the new record?

Cris: Oh yeah, it was great fun. We're quite pleased with it. It's **Tracey's** first album.

RearGarde: When did you join?

Tracey: I joined two years ago, so it was especially fun for me.

RearGarde: And it's been a long time since the band put out an album.

Cris: That's right, a couple years.

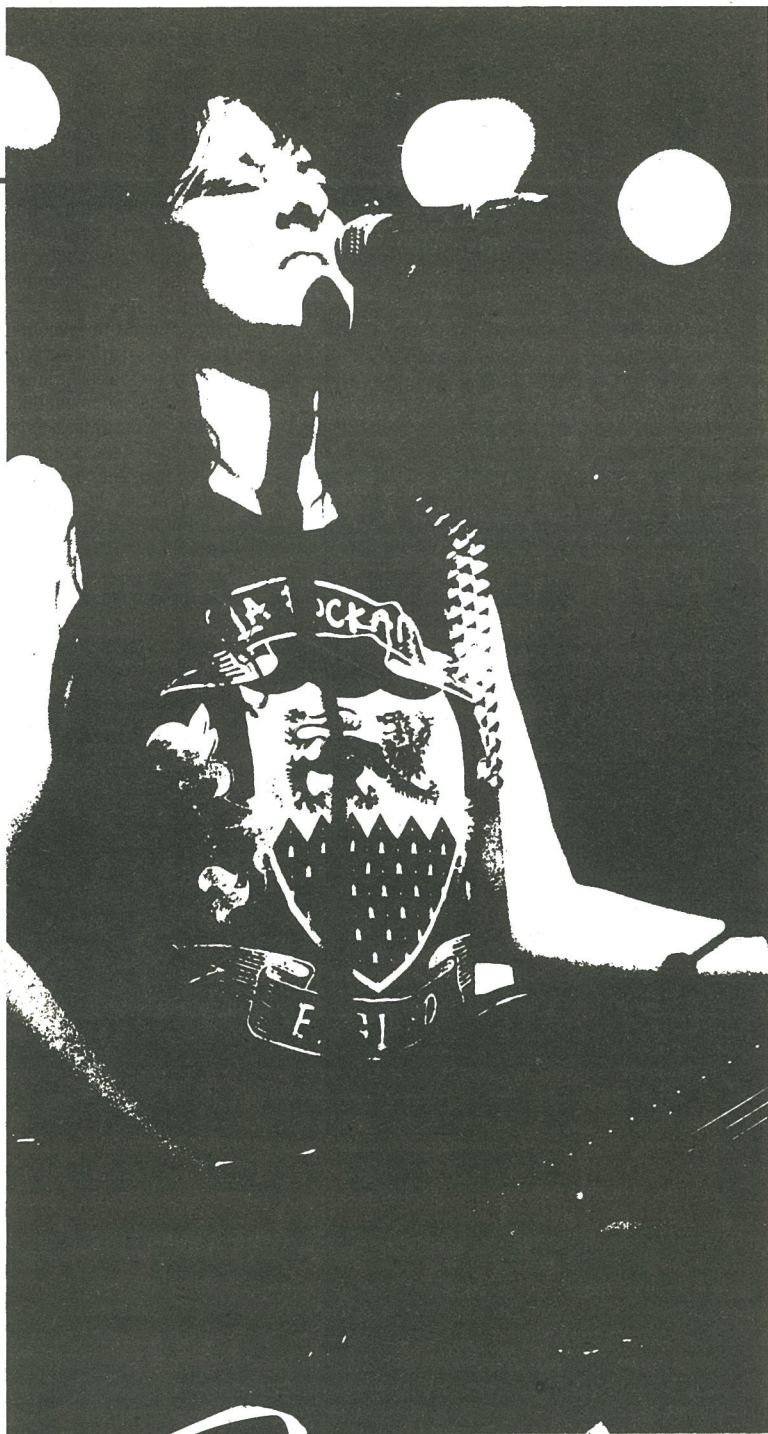
RearGarde: And before that one it was an even longer break between albums...

Cris: Yeah, that one was *Running Wild*, and it was only released in America, and it had a different lineup, so we don't really like that one very much. Tryin' to wipe that slate clean, as it were.

RearGarde: There's been a lot of lineup changes, then?

Cris: Well, not that many, but if you look at how long the band's been going (about eleven years now), there's only been a few. But **Tracey's** only been with us for two years, so it's a relatively new band now. I mean, it's an established band, but it's not that old in terms of members.

Tracey: Denise and Kim (drummer and lead singer/guitarist) are original members of *Girlschool*. But they started off really young, you see, and because



Girls SKOOL

the band's been around for eleven years, everybody's got this idea that we're a bunch of dirty old hags or something, and they forget that they were just teenagers when they started. So we're not old.

RearGarde: Well, you can tell that just by the way you rock out on stage, I mean you don't have the wrinkles of **Chrissie Hynde** or somebody like that.

Tracey: Has she got wrinkles now?

RearGarde: For sure! I'll bet she's got stretch marks and wrinkles by now!

Cris: Well, none of us have had plastic surgery...

RearGarde: So you're not getting too out of shape or bloated by all the booze and drugs that comes along with touring?

Cris: Drugs?? What drugs? (*Mockingly angelic smile*) The tour's only going to the 20th (of May), and then we're going down to the States. We're replaying places like Nova Scotia...

RearGarde: You're playing Nova Scotia and you're not playing Montreal?!

Denise: Montreal, that's where all my relations come from. My father was from Montreal! You've got to say hello

to them for me.

RearGarde: The serious poop that we want to know—what's going on with **Lemmy** and the rest of **Motorhead**?

Cris: Poop? What do you mean, like are we having affairs with them or something?

RearGarde: No, no... on a purely musical basis. I mean, who exactly would want to crawl into the sack with **Lemmy**?! I mean, he's a god, but really...

Tracey: Awww, poor ol' Lem... but he gets women, every time he goes out, they're waiting for him.

RearGarde: Well, he's thanked on the new album...

Cris: He cowrote the lyrics to *Head Over Heels* with us.

RearGarde: Do you play with **Motorhead** often?

Cris: Not too often, but sometimes in England.

RearGarde: Since you're a bunch of hard rockin' women called *Girlschool*, I have to ask you this—I went to a girls' school myself, but did any of you go to one?

Random Members: I was, me too, yes, I was but only for one year and then I couldn't bear it any more, too strict, yes definitely.

Kim: We used to go get drunk at dinnertime and go around burstin' in on the teachers.

Denise: Her school used to beat their teachers up! We got chased by the headmistress once.

Kim: We used to go back obviously stinkin' of alcohol, and we had this teacher called **Mr. Klisby** who was like the heartthrob of all the girls, and he was so funny because he didn't say anything, he just put this clipping about teenage alcoholism on our desks, and didn't even say a word, just the article! I thought it was really quite sweet to do that. Beer in the back of the class, the teacher's looking... oh god, it was so outrageous.

Cris: We used to sneak in and drink the wine left from communion. We'd sneak off from sewing class into these little rooms and drink.

RearGarde: That's sacrilege! Were

these schools in London?

Cris: Yeah, London and the suburbs.

Denise: We used to show up at **Kim's** school on motorbikes and beat the shit out of them!

RearGarde: Where are you based now? With what company?

Tracey: Out of London, with **GWR**, which is part of **Enigma** in America.

RearGarde: As long as you're not on **Polygram**.

Cris: We were, but only for that album I told you about, but that was a disaster.

RearGarde: They're nasty, nasty people as far as college radio is concerned. They're imposing a really serious servicing fee so that all these poor little stations have to pay a ridiculous amount of money to receive their promotional albums, which are supposed to be promotional in the first place. So slag **Polygram**!

Cris: Oh, we will, don't worry.

RearGarde: As far as influences go, who makes you proud to be female performers in the rock & roll world of things?

Cris: Well, in the past, **Suzi Quatro**—I thought she was brilliant, she was one of the first really good ones. Even **Chrissie Hynde**, because she did rock in the beginning. Who else? **Joan Jett**...

Tracey: **Bonnie Raitt**...

Cris: **Kate Bush**, definitely. I love her stuff.

Others: Oh yeah, she's wonderful, she's great. Did you say **Suzi Quatro**?

RearGarde: Well, this is one of the stupidest questions known to mankind, but it's our trademark question of the month: If you could be any ice cream flavor, which would you be and why? **Girlschool:** Vanilla! Peach! Jack Daniels flavor! Acid flavor! Ecstasy flavor... no, no.

RearGarde: That's bad shit—it crystallizes your spinal fluid.

Cris: Does it? I'm so glad you told me that before anything happens... (*yeah, right!*) I think you'll have to make up your own interpretation for those answers.

Sloppy drunk conversation with the ultimate rock & roll chicks conducted, taped, and typed by Lorrie.

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PHOTO: DEREK LEBRERO

How Blake Cheetah F*cked Up The Tupelo Chain Sex Interview

13

Allright, so I didn't quite get a full-length interview with Tupelo Chain Sex, so get off my foot. It all started going heinously wrong when me and my pal Joey were going down to Foo Foo's Haircut Palace and Home of the Coupe Bizarre. We were walking down Ste. Catherine's street and I heard someone yell out, "Hey Jungle Jim." I immediately panicked because this was one of my former identities when I was a broomball commentator on a local cable show in Edmonton. But alas and alack, as Charles Dickens might have said, it was Tippy A-Go Go, my favorite hippie-shaman-mystic from my small change and cheap Okanagan wine days of Hastings Street in Vancouver. He was supposed to be opening for Tupelo in this weird Arabic percussion-doo wop band called the *Voyagers*.

Anyways, so me and my pal Joey (not his real name, but a cleverly designed pseudonym so I have to take full shit for this overwhelmingly lame article) went to hang around the bar with Limey Dave, lead singer and Mohican penis skanker for Tupelo, but Dave brushed me off as if I were an Amway Salesgoof. Luckily one of the rock and roll mole people of Foo Foo's flamed-up a 911 joint—so much for my rock journalist professionalism—and me and Tippy got to reminiscing about various Vancouver girlfriends that'd ditched us like used condoms.

In order to benefit rock journalists everywhere, me and my pal Joey, have designed a list of standard interview questions to ask any musical artist, and the possible answers you may expect to receive.

1. How long have you been on tour now?

Standard lame answer: Oh about three months.

Ska band from West Island: We're going immediately back to Beaconsfield after this. Rude Boy Neville has to have his Mom's station wagon home by seven so he can prune the Mountain Ash trees tonight.

Devill Maycare (drummer for Bloodfart): About this long (he said, standing up, pulling down his leather pants and revealing his *raison d'être*.) Note: when dealing with bad-ass, poof-haired rock dudes, you may want to stay away from any questions that can be answered strictly in phallic inches.

2. What are your major influences?

Politically correct band: Truth and understanding, and the dissemination of American Imperialist lies.

Crotch Killer, lead singer of Bloodfart: Harleys, Satan, chicks with tattoos, and my best friend Jack Daniels.

Cool answer: Phlegm.

After the joint went off in my head like a grenade and I was trying to put my thoughts back together out of the shrapnel and de-

bris, I wandered over to talk to Paul, the Tupelo drummer. In my intellectual coma I finally asked him whether he preferred graphite, or wood, drumsticks. He said, "Uhh, wood Blake." From the vertigo-inducing heights of Mount Cannabis, I was heard to exclaim, "Speaking of wood, once when I was twelve and in shop class, I was using the wood lathe and wearing these really ginchy goggles, and wood chips were flying up and bouncing off my braces and I couldn't help feeling like a real Handy Guy and..." seemed rather strange, but Paul claimed he had to go out and get a burrito.

3. How would you describe your music?

Standard lame-0 answer: We don't like putting labels on our music. We see it as a reflection of the times we live in and ourselves as individuals.

Top 40 Pop Tart Band: In the Yellow Pages under Rock and Roll.

Phil Davoid, guitarist of Bloodfart: (long pause) Fuck you!

Cool Answer: Phlegm.

4. Do you have any plans to record new material soon?

Pacific Standard Big Yawn Answer: We're probably going back in the studio fairly soon to lay down all new tracks for possibly an EP to be released early in the next year.

Industrial Band: We're planning to rec-

ord our next record in a laundromat.

Creative Industrial Band: We're going to record the next one in a laundromat. We'll have twenty midgets clad in armor being spun dry while playing an assortment of maracas, triangles and spoons.

If you can't solicit answers like the last one you may have to resort to assinine intimidation tactics like suddenly bursting out with, "Geez, how did you get that big huge pus-ridden goiter on your neck? It's really gross."

At this point we can get to the real *festival du homard* of any rock interview—nothing more than cheap tabloid sensationalism. Sorry to disappoint you potential Dan Rather's of rock and roll, but unless you're interviewing Peter Gabriel or the Cocteau Twins, no one really gives a gerbil's fart about how they unite the ethereal and corporeal planes within the confining space of their musical structures, or what song alludes to a Lord Byron verse from *Ode To A Nightingale*. So get out those pitchforks and start digging for dirt.

While I cleverly disguised myself as just another dumb haircut in the drunk tank of Foo Foo's, my pal Joey wormed some tabloid tales out of Limey Dave.

At some gigs on this tour the band were making up chili dogs before the show and putting a big poster of Madonna on stage.

During the show they'd invite a lucky contestant on stage to be blindfolded, spun around, and then attempt to shove a chilli dog up Madonna's ass. In further dirt, Limey Dave was doing nude handstands in Vancouver after having painted his rotorooter yellow.

Not accompanying the band on this tour, was legendary violinist Sugar Cane Harris, who played with people like Ray Charles back in the '50's. He's now in jail in California after having gotten arrested three times for shoplifting in the same store—once for cigarettes, and once for laundry detergent. I just hope the third one wasn't for baking lard.

Tupelo put on a 90 degrees fahrenheit show that night, and numbers like *Everyday's A Holiday* were so hot that I wasn't sure if my anti-perspirant would hold up. But I've seen these guys hit a desert Phoenix 120 before, and part of the problem was the loss of Tupelo Joe on guitar, who was sidelined back in L.A. with tendonitis. His replacement knew a lotta minor augmented diminished scales, but was wearing leather pants and part of a beavers bum on his head. Or, as my pal Joey put it (not quite so euphemistically as I), "What a dweeb!" If you want a lengthy discourse on Tupelo's new album, you could check out my bone-headed review in the last *RearGarde*.

If you get bored at FooFoo's, a fun game to play is "Spot the Coupe Bizarre". All you have to do is pick out a particularly stupid haircut and then come up with a zany put down to go with it. Something like, "Geez it looks like they put a cat on his head and then cut around it," would score big points and make you feel like a Grade A, Government Inspected, Card Carrying, Party Success, even if you have to use your own vomit for a pillow that night.

And it should also be pointed out that, since I invented this new Bar Sport, that no Bloodfart-type responses, such as, "Look at that fag, I oughtta wail the fuckin' fudge-packer," will be accepted.

5. Do you prefer to play clubs or bigger venues?

Earnest singer/songwriter from America's Heartland who likes to reminisce fondly about his boyhood, combines and threshing machines, life in a small town, and hunting mallards with your boyhood chums, and generally being a man's man: I prefer playing clubs for the more intimate feeling between the band and the audience. This means more to me than making a lot of money.

At this point you may want to scream "Lies Lies Lies", or ask if he's ever been a sperm donor, little league coach or raving sodomite.

6. Is there any significant meaning behind the name of the band?

Politically correct band: Our name is the solidarity cry of the Basque Separatists of Spain. They are yearning to break the fetters of repression and cultural assimilation.

At this point your job as interviewer should be to goad them by crying out with sardonic passion, "But tell me, where do you find the strength?" and then ask them about past careers as sperm donor, little league coach or raving sodomite.

Bad Ass Metal Dude with studded crotch plate: It's like Thor is the fucking god of thunder man, and most of the band are covered with sores and scab, so that's how we came up with Sore Thor.

Taking a cue from the Dave Letterman School of Sarcasm you may want to interject, "Well Snuffer you certainly are a young intellectual colossus."

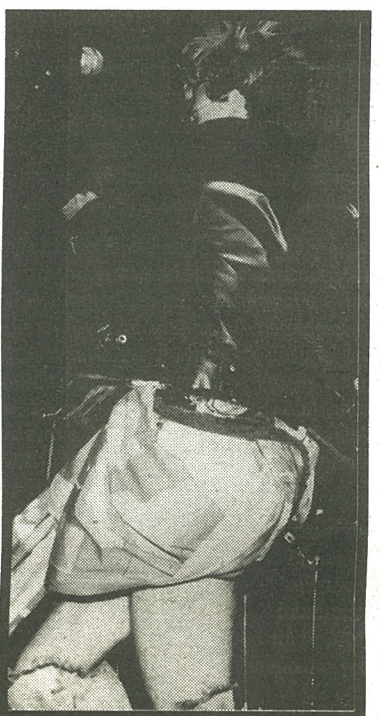
Well I got talking to Tippy again. We were both kinda twisted and FooFoo's was looking like the rumpus room in Danté's Inferno, or some weird zombie flick where all the dead had risen up for one last drunk.

And if you're so inclined I happened to review Tippy's new solo tape in the For Cassettes Only column. This guy's half a legend out West for doing stuff like brewing up a batch of mushroom tea for Junior Gone Wild and serving it to them on stage, getting them so wazooed that for five minutes they actually became Uriah Heep. And he used to go around Edmonton painting smiles on trees.

The first thing he said to me was, "Man you look beautiful." One time I even got to jam with him on stage at one of his solo gigs. I was playing some bargain-basement Chuck Berry riffs, while he made up some lyrics about Doctor Seuss, the tiny tots' hero, which went something like, "Doctor Seuss, Doctor Seuss, he looks just like a big fat moose, Doctor Seuss Doctor Seuss, you can see him riding his caboose. We all love Doctor Seuss, cause his psychology is loose." I think I should mention that Tippy is a bit odd perhaps.

I tried to track down the Tupelo boys after the show for the big interview, but they were seeking carnal knowledge. Paul the drummer claimed he had to go for another burrito after I started regaling him once more with my woodworking tales of sanding and varnishing and loving hours spent beside a lathe with the magic smell of woodchips in the air. Anyways, if you need a wacky conclusion to your interview, go out in fine RearGarde form, and ask them if they had to be any marital aid, which would it be and why? ... I've gotta go buy some wood screws.

Non-interview conducted by Blake "Phlegmmy" Cheetah, and my pal Joey.



PHOTOS: (TOP & BOTTOM) JENNIFER JARVIS; (INDIVIDUALS) SHAWN SCALLEN

IT'S A DAYGLO WORLD

Vancouver's **Dayglo Abortions** have been around for the better part of the decade. Though it wasn't until the re-release of their first album along with some new songs that they began to get any real attention. Part of the reason for this no doubt was the fact that around the time that the *Feed Us A Foetus* album came out, hardcore was starting to become quite popular with the metal contingent. **Dayglo Abortions** had always leaned a lot more towards metal than most of their hardcore contemporaries so they became an instant success with the crossover crowd. As you could probably imagine from their lyrical content this interview wasn't too serious. It was conducted in the *Foufounes* luxurious new guest lounge. Also in attendance were several *Infamous Bastards*, *Infamous Groupies*, and *Northern Vultures*. See if you can tell who said what...

RearGarde: So I guess we should start with the deal over the seizure of the *Here Today Guano Tomorrow* album.

Dayglo Abortions: What happened was some kid gave a copy of the record to her little brother for his birthday or something and their father got a hold of it and he just happened to be some big cheese in the R.C.M.P. So now we have to go to the Supreme Court or whatever and they want to have some new law about what you're allowed to show on album covers. They didn't like our exploding hamster I guess. It wasn't real or anything.

RearGarde: So what about the new album? **Dayglo Abortions:** We've decided to mellow out for this one. It's going to be called *Two Dogs Fucking*.

(Interesting to note that **Dayglo's** drummer Jesus Bonehead brings his dog Quiche Lorraine on tour with him).

Infamous Person: Did you guys see **GWAR**?

(Everyone in the room shouts their approval) **Dayglo Abortions:** We are **GWAR**! We play guitar! We played with them in their hometown so they had their biggest show

ever.

Infamous Person: Who's your favorite **Gwarrior**?

RearGarde: The Sexecutioner.

Dayglo Abortions: Yeah! Sexecutioner! Isn't he great?

Infamous Person: What about that girl?

Dayglo Abortions: **GWAR** woman!

When we played with them they had like twenty Marshalls above my head on scaffolding. At the end they pulled a cord and they all came crashing down on the singer's head. They were just cardboard boxes but it looked fuckin' real. They chopped off heads, arms, legs, titties, they had live abortions and blew people away. Great stuff! Not too many people

have heard of them though. We turned down a chance to do a whole tour with them because we didn't know who they were.

RearGarde: What happened to Wayne Gretsky? (ex-**Dayglo** guitarist)

Dayglo Abortions: He's playing in **D.O.A.** now. Dave Gregg finally left the band and Wayne took over. It's pretty weird when you consider what we sing about and what they sing about.

RearGarde: What's the song *Kill Johnny Stiff* about?

Dayglo Abortions: Originally it was called *Kill Tim Crow*. Tim Crow is this guy who lived in Victoria. Now he lives in Montreal. He's not in your band is he? (to **Infamous**)

Infamous Person: No.

Dayglo Abortions: Good.

Because we wouldn't play with you if he was. We changed the song to *Kill Johnny Stiff* for the american release. He's a big promoter down in the states. When you talk to him he's all friendly and he tells you that he'll arrange all these shows for you and everything, but never when

you want. It's like "Hey John how much are we getting paid tonight?" and he says "aaahh about sixty five bucks." Johnny, I'll fuck you with a barbed wire cathédar.

RearGarde: How's the tour?

Dayglo Abortions: We played in Ottawa last night and there were about six hundred people there. About fifty of them were cops, because of the trouble with album. They all paid to get in and they were wearing street clothes. I was like so nervous. I did a bunch of coke before the show and I was like 'Oh shit I'm going to jail.'

(At this point some guy walks in with a brand new pink Yamaha guitar. He's apparently lending it to the band to use for their set. This guitar costs at least a thousand bucks. Evidently this guy has never seen the **Dayglos** perform live. Bear in mind as well that this guy doesn't understand english.)

Dayglo Abortions: Look at how shiny that guitar is. Is it brand new? (someone translates)

Guitar Guy: Oui.

Dayglo Abortions: Ah great! I'll get to do my Peter Townshend impression tonight. (Various descriptions about what he's going to do to this poor fellow's guitar. The pink guitar later disappeared about half way through their set... Kelly from *Northern Vultures* mentions something about *The Pursuit Of Happiness*.)

Dayglo Abortions: Yeah, we know those guys. There pretty cool. We met them on a ferry. No not a fairy, a boat.

Infamous Person: What about those girls?

Dayglo Abortions: They're a couple of bitches man. They were going like "eww **Dayglo Abortions** are so gross. They're sexist pigs. We hate them." The backup singer is cute though.

I tried a couple more serious questions but they were pretty much ignored. At one point the cops came in to search for drugs. They didn't find any so they left. In doing so the dog escaped so I went after him. That pretty much ended things.

Interview by John Coinner.

PHOTO: DEREK VON ESSEN

By P.S. Marlboro

When **13 Engines** came onto the Toronto scene they weren't a new band by any usual standards, having actually existed as **The Ikons** for at least a couple of years. Changing their name to **13 Engines** seems to be what got the proverbial ball rolling.

"Basically we changed our name to reflect our move into heavy-metal territory," says guitarist/vocalist and all-around cute front-man John Critchley.

"Actually Grant (Ethier- drummer) wanted to call the band **SNATCH**, the ultimate in heavy metal glam," recalls Mike Robbins guitarist and all-around womanizer.

Both Mike and John went to York University, living together in a college residence they say was known for it's Marxist/homosexual leanings.

"We've since burned our berets," John reluctantly admits. "There's something to be said for living in a six-by-six room with a roommate. Let's just say that the experience intensifies when pornography enters into it."

"I had this insane room-mate who's hero was Bruce Lee and he bought this skin tight green suit and used to pose in front of a mirror with it on. He had this \$600 watch that he loaned me and I lost and replaced it with a \$16 Cardinal. That was pretty much the end of it."

Late in 1986 the **Engines** got some attention south of the border by way of the then newly-formed **Nocturnal Records** out of Detroit. I remember first seeing the record displayed at the **CBGB** record canteen—a shock, considering the band was from Toronto.

"We were actually signed on the strength of one small snippet of feedback [in *The End of Your Chain*] that wasn't originally even our idea," says John. "My brother Mark is kinda pissed off about that. He keeps calling and bugging us about it."

Last year, **13 Engines** released a somewhat ironically titled record called *Before Our Time*. Underground rock critic and dude extraordinaire Byron Coley gave it a resounding welcome, calling it (if you can imagine such superfluous descriptions) "cool", and making comparisons to **Death** of **Samantha** and even **The Who**. Soon, all of America's hipsters began bowing to the **Engines**. But the important heralding was, for the most part, restricted to south of the border. Their first big media coverage in hometown Toronto did not appear until December of '88.

"We went to **Nocturnal** because they were interested in us and we were interested in them, that's the bottom line," asserts John. "But let's face it, the Canadian music industry seems really unaware of what's going on in

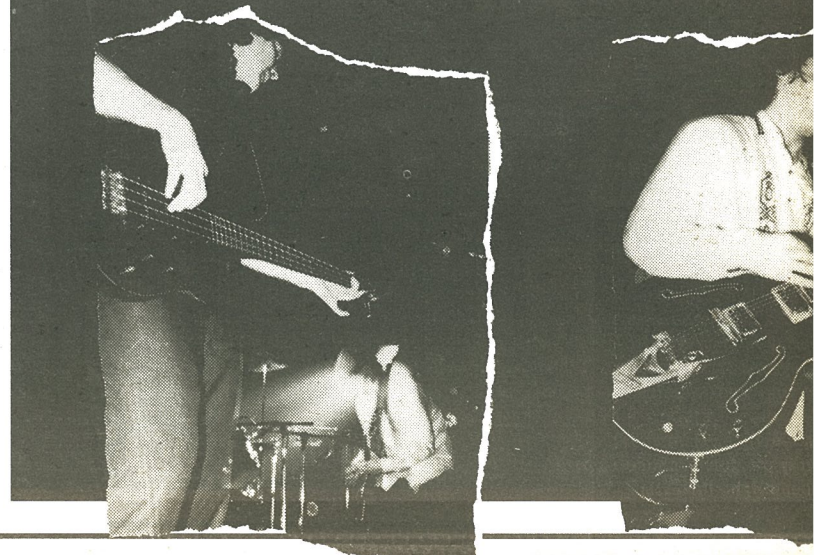
this country. Maybe it has a lot to do with the fact that Canada can't really justify the sales, but **Barney Bental** and the **Legendary Hearts** just doesn't cut the mustard for me. Sometimes these people really have to be hit over the head with it and that's a shame."

Admittedly, you can't accurately call **13 Engines** a fine example of an alternative band. Their music is really listenable (as if that means it's not alternative). What I mean to say is, well.... This is the way it is: **13 Engines** write and play probably the most exciting pop/rock/the odd glam influence/blues music happening in this country. Maybe

that's a little strong. Let's just say that if these boys don't get picked up by a major *real* soon there is something *really* wrong. But hey, majors have been wrong before.

But being critical darlings south of the border just wasn't enough. The **Engines** returned from a U.S. Tour thoroughly dejected and just plain tired.

"Let's talk about Boston for just a second," barrels Mike, as the whole restaurant turns to listen (allow for editorial exaggeration). "We showed up for a gig that we thought was properly promoted," (and in fact yours truly was in Boston a week before the gig and saw a poster, so there). "The next thing we know we're booked on a



UP SHOOTS BACK

talent night with two synth-bands." (So? I kinda like OMD). "Then, to top it all off we're informed by a rather loud" (May I add belligerent?) "bartender that it's last call for alcohol. Not between songs mind you, but during the quieter part of *End of Your Chain*. So John calls him an asshole and he shoots us the finger and later tells us that we'll never play Boston again. (Who would want to? Too many shitheads go to school there.) On the lighter side of touring, while they were in Minneapolis (mecca for pop enthusiasts a la Husker/Asylum/Replacements/Prince et al), ex-Replacements manager and Twin/Tone

for all you nerds) except we didn't have the budget for all the drugs. All we could afford was cheap wine."

But that still doesn't explain why you moved to Detroit, traitors.

"We had a lot of problems trying to get over the border, so we figured it'd be easier if we just moved," says John. "I wonder now if it was worth it. Detroit is like a third-world country. It's a really cheap place to live if you can handle all the problems that go along with it, like violence."

"We never got mugged, but on the day we arrived one of the guys from the label came over to the house and got his car stolen. That's okay though—he had a good insurance policy, I guess. He got a new one anyway. But the problem there isn't so much theft as it is violence."

"It was incredible to read the newspapers," adds Mike. "It was as if the murderers did the murders in such a way as to make the front page or something. They say Detroit is only exciting if you get murdered and then you're dead... so what's to appreciate?"

So the final result of all of this was a new fan in yours truly. Having cared little about the band after the release of *Before Our Time*, *Byram Lake Blues* and the live shows that followed have demonstrated a new 13 Engines (to me anyway, and wudda I know). It is a band that has, although they will argue, progressed.

"I don't know if progression is the right word," says John. "Progression denotes some kind of conscious change, I think."

"We do what we do. Success is incidental," adds Mike.

It's important to note here that Rolling Stone will be reviewing *Byram Lake* in one of their April issues.

A good time to hit them up on the Free-Trade issue, eh?

"I don't really see what the problem with Free Trade is," says John. "As far as the artistic community is concerned, don't most artists and musicians usually go to the States for success anyway? I mean, look at Bryan Adams. The way I see it, Canadians can fend for themselves. And besides, isn't there a clause in the pact that says the agreement can be terminated at any time with six months' notice? That's a point that doesn't get much publicity. If you achieve a modicum of success, it doesn't matter where you live. Let's face it, a patriotic statement is real bumper. Especially in music."

Note: Jim Hughes plays bass for 13 Engines. Sorry Jim, I couldn't fit you in anywhere else. 'Course if you'd been there I'd have had a quote to use, eh?

by Pete Johnson esq.

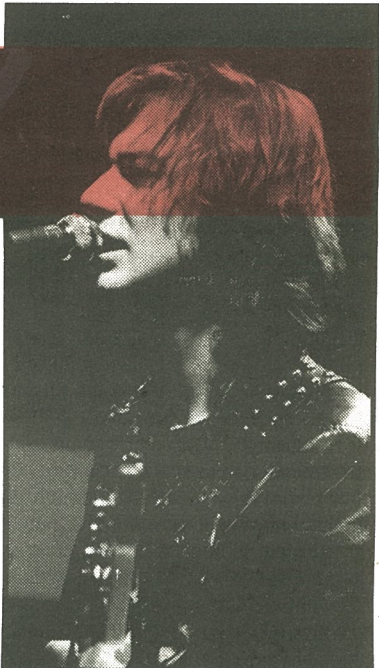
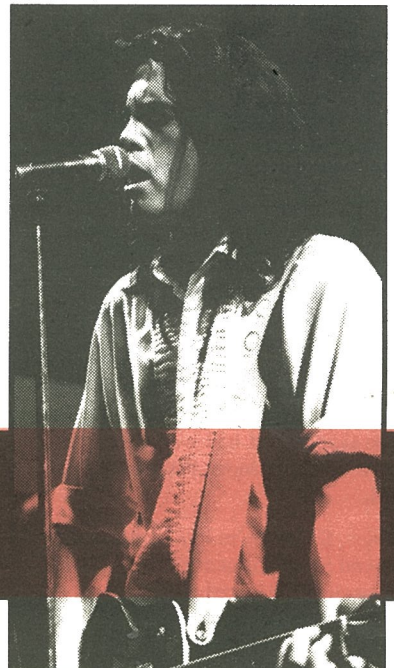
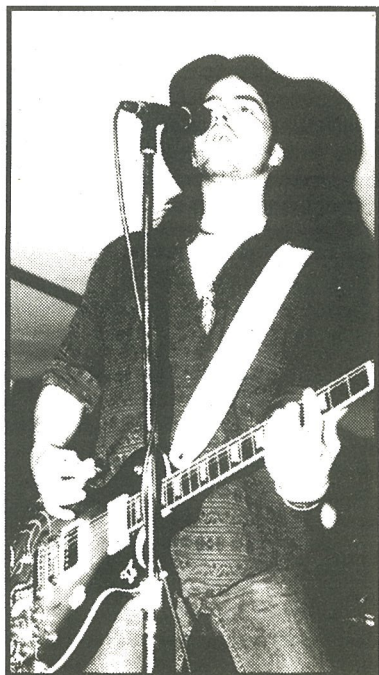
Edmonton's *Jr. Gone Wild* came into town on a very snowy and miserable March 31st. After suffering extreme hardship to get downtown, I sat down for a casual chat with the various members. Unfortunately, the conversation was left up to my rather soused memory. After getting the press business end out of the way, and the Founounes new setup was ready, the band took to the stage for what I thought was one of the best shows of the year.

There should be no excuse for missing this one. The band plays a style of music that's self described as "Hank Williams, Bob Dylan, Neil Young in the early Rolling Stones playing Ramones songs". This seemed to be the band's standard self-description. The sound really was a hybrid of all these influences, and there was no lack of energy.

They played for well over an hour—treating the braver core of Montreal music fans to a mix of older songs from their 1986 LP on

MacDonald. The new additions are Steve (guitar) from various bands in the Vancouver and Edmonton areas, and Dave (drums), who was part of the original *Jerry Jerry and the...* etc emigration to Montreal.

The other changes have come in the way the band does things. The creative reins are now pretty firmly in MacDonald's capable hands. That's not to say it's purely a one man show. If the set I saw was any indication, the band lays down the perfect vehicle for the songwriting. All the members were very able



BYO records; songs presented in their CBC Brave New Waves session from last year and a few classics. These classics included the preordained version of Bob Dylan's *How Does It Feel?*

"Last time we were here, we played over at Concordia and *Sons of the Desert* played what I thought was a horrible version of my favourite song," says vocalist Mike MacDonald. "And tonight's when I get my revenge." It was mighty retribution indeed.

It has been three years since that first record was released. Sales were minimal (not bad in their hometown), but it did accomplish something positive. "The record didn't sell really well, but we did get our name around, thanks to some college radio play," says MacDonald.

The band has had some changes over the past three years in both line-up and direction. Still with the band are bassist Dove, and guitarist, vocalist, chief songwriter Mike

musicians. "It's the band's music with my direction," says MacDonald. This direction is most certainly the right one.

The band is currently working their way back westward (probably home by now) with a show in Toronto after the Montreal gig. Other big plans for the future include a second album sometime in late '89 or early '90. The band has been talking to Island records (yes, the same label those fun-loving U2 guys are on), and are looking forward to some major distribution.

They've already completed two videos which received some attention at MuchMusic and MusiquePlus—something the guys attribute to none other than MuchMusic's own Erica Ehm. They claim she really liked the band and was a big help in getting some exposure and the much appreciated push towards a major label.

Success is not something to be shied away from for Mike MacDonald. He takes his music quite seriously and has a good idea of what the business could hold. "Success along the lines of what Tom Petty has achieved would be ideal."

And would this success mean changing

Moe Berg from *The Pursuit of Happiness* both left the city for larger centers, but we feel we can make it at home. The east doesn't have anything that Edmonton doesn't have."

The infamous "ice cream flavour" question received some good answers, unfortunately I might be crediting the wrong people for the following quotes, but anyway, Mike MacDonald: "Neopolitan because it's three different things you can eat it a lot of different ways." Dave the drummer suggested Vanilla "because people wouldn't ask for it



PHOTOS: EDWARD DAVEY. (TOP PHOTO: DEREK VON ESSEN)

home base? Don't bet on it. *Jr. Gone Wild* are very attached to Edmonton. It seems to have a mystical hold on them that they could only describe as *Rose Bowl Pizza*. Actually the band all have friends and family in Edmonton and see no reason to leave all that behind. "Some of us still live at home, and it's a lot easier to get a job and apartments and make a living while working on the band. There's no reason why you can't be successful in Edmonton. K.D. Lang and

by name, but would always be willing to accept it." Someone else said Vanilla too, but I don't remember why. The other answer was Cherry, and I think the reason might have been disgusting.

There's always the possibility that I imagined the whole conversation and that this was a product of my over-heated subconscious. One thing is for sure though: the band puts on a great show. They'll be an Edmonton success story in the near future. Or should be.

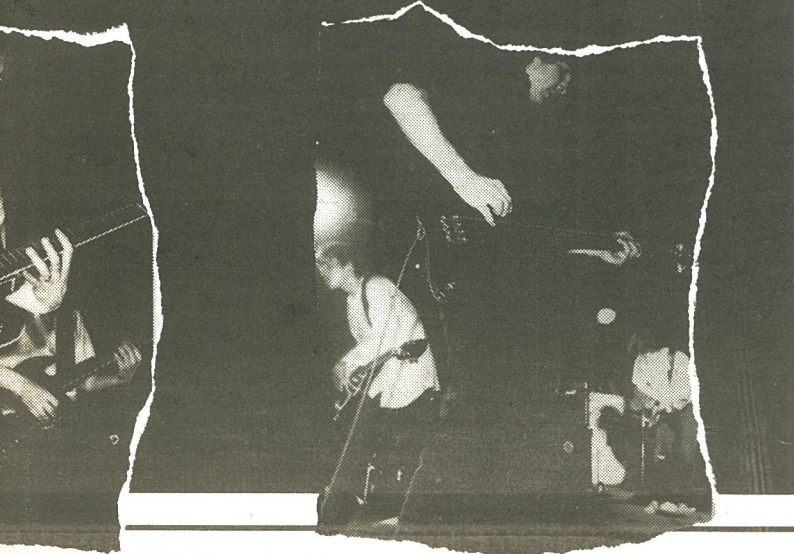


Records founder Peter Jespersen took a liking to the boys, letting them have his floor for a night. He was later quoted in a major Minnesota Daily as saying he actually liked the band.

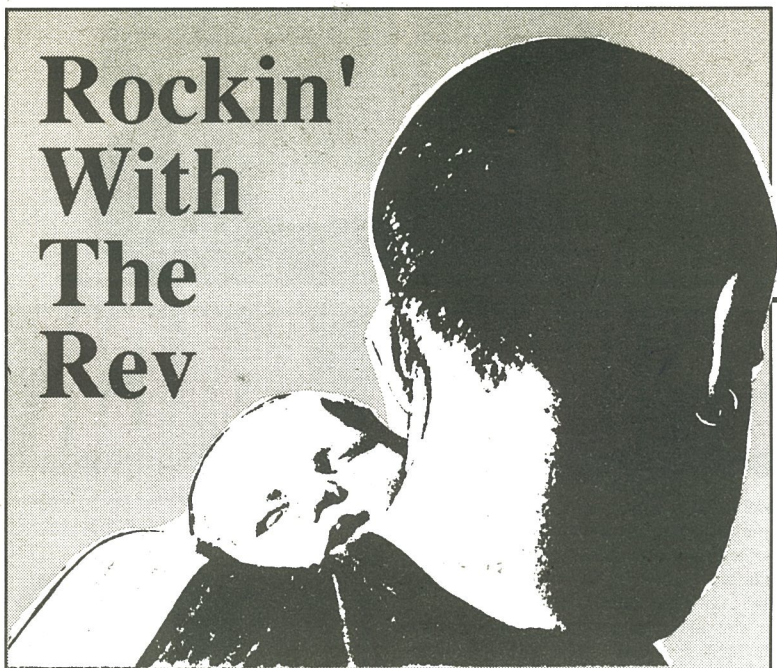
So after all that, it's not surprising that they decided to take the plunge and move to Detroit. That's when *Byram Lake Blues*, their latest LP, happened.

"Uh, yeah, kinda," says Mike. "It was more a stay that ended up being a little more permanent than we had hoped. Detroit isn't the greatest place in the world to be. Horrible, actually."

"But as far as the record is concerned," interrupts John, "we actually did record it at a place called Byram Lake. The conditions were kinda like *Tonight's the Night* (that's Neil Young



Rockin' With The Rev



Hi friends. You know, there are times in This Funny Little Thing Called Life that you just can't finish with Something. It's like when you've got a Right Good Hunk 'o' Chewin' Tabacky, and you just can't force yourself to Chuck It All In. It's just like God.

You know when The Real Big Guy summoned ol' Butterfingers up to his Condo on the Mount, and gave him those Hunks of Commandments? Well, heck, do you really believe that He figured that a Little Bitty Bunch of Rules would keep things running smoothly for the Rest of Time? Heck no. And that's why, ever since, God has been providing us heathens with New and Improved Statutes of Human Behaviour. But who reads *The Barber's Quarterly*, anyways?

See, the ol' Rev has some more things to talk about, on the subject of How to Tour and Have Fun and Not Kill Each Other Either. Thy First Commandment is How to Book the Right Club.

Ever notice that you never see any pool-tables in Church? Ever wonder why? Well, the Rev has done some investigative study, and after journeying to the farthest lands to figure it out, came back from Moncton with The Answer. It's too much Fun, and if the Good Lord had wanted to make Church Fun, He would never have put in Stupid Wooden Pews in the First Place. The same thing goes with clubs.

Never play a club that has pool-tables. See, they're lots of fun during sound check, when you're waiting around for the SoundMan to show-up, but other than that, they're completely useless. Imagine being up on stage, totally undergoing a Religious Experience, the sweat is pouring off your brow, Rock'n'Roll Nirvana is happening, and between songs you hear from the back, "Great shot dude. #5 ball in the corner pocket." And this, friends, is Not Fun At All.

Also, never trust Promoters From Hell when they say, "Hey, I've got a great new place for youze guys to play. Nobody's played there before, so it should be a whole heck of a lot of fun." This is one guarantee of an Unmitigated Holy Disaster of Biblical Proportions. See, no-one and His Dog will know where the heck the club is, because basically, People Are Stupid. The only people who'll show up are friends of the promoter, which is probably Not A Good Thing, and lost tourists from Tuscalemee, Ohio, who are hot on the trail of the latest Elvis Sighting. Shoot them, quick. But I digress.

Another thing to Keep Happening in the ol' Cranium is What the Heck is the Address of This Club, Anyways? It's like when the 12 Apostles sent out invitations to the Final Supper. All 123 invited guests didn't check the address on the invites. That's why ol' Jesus was the only one to show up, 'cos he was Smart and knew which side of the Holy Communion Bread was buttered. The other 122 guests turned up at a Wild and Wonderful Acid Acid House House Party Party just down the street and Turned On so much God Got 'Em Real Good, and now they sell Miracle Hair Transplants for Amway. But I digress. The lesson to be learned from all of this is to get directions to the club from the promoter, as well as the phone number of the club and of the promoter. This is also why there's the Lost Tribe of Israel. If they had listened to the ol' Rev in the First Place, they wouldn't be lost, and would probably be having a lot more fun nowadays.

So, friends, you've got the address of the club and People Are Happy. Before y'all start doing the rock'n'roll thing, check out the address on a map. If you see that the club is in the middle of an industrial park, think again. Be on the look-out for industrial parks and used-car lots. The presence of any one of these is Not Good. It's like when ol' Joseph and Mary popped the brat. Sure, they couldn't find any other place to do it, and had to settle for a smelly ol' barn. And do you know why, friends? Yup, they kept on passing through industrial parks and used-car lots. The whole world came real close to having The Big Guy's Son being born in the back of a Lemon. And this would not Be Good.

Well, friends, that about wraps it up for this month's Sermon from the Mount. Next month, get real excited about How to Look for and Purchase Your Very Own Ve-Hicle and Have Fun at the Same Time. Until then, remember the words of The Big Guy You Don't Mess With, "How many times do I have to tell you- Elvis is Dead, Dead, Dead and there ain't nothing you can do about it." *Deuteronomy 12:8*. Amen.

Slurds, Gladnuts, Mr. T Experience Foufounes May

The Slurds, that's exactly what they sound like. They were incomprehensible. They spoke in the official lang to the crowd, but when it came to singing ask somebody who knows the words. On the first song a string was broken. The same dude was well out of tune. It annoyed many a person so much that the barman yelled out for to tune the bloody guitar.

The mainstream of the tunes were a slow and droning noise, it sort of picked for 30 seconds and then slow again. End of Slurds.

Next, the Gladnuts showed the Slurds how to play. To start they were a fucking party: The people slammed and bashed themselves to a frenzy. The pit was tense the band was definitely hot. They played a song called *No Drugs* which is a damn direct statement. The Gladnuts have put a great effort into their sound, and I'm sure they are going to be a hit in Montreal. No shit, no service, just pure hardcore. Gladnuts. Remember them.

Obviously no one has heard of the Mr. T Experience. (Doesn't anybody read *Flip-side?*) I guess that is why I'm here to tell you of these beer drinking sods. They started the show with a full thrust of energy. It's not hardcore, it's more like smash-you-in-the-face rock'n'roll or punk rock.

A typical show would be members of the band jumping in the crowd minus their instruments. At this show, the guitarist jumped in the crowd with his noisemaker. They even stopped for a five minute beer break. Their stage act of sycronized jumping, back to back guitar and marching on the stage added to the excitement of the show. The only setback was that I was forced to take the last metro, rather than see their hour long show.

Domenic Castell

The Gruesomes, Lost Patrol Les Foufounes May 5

Look Ma, it's the Gruesomes! Screeeeeeeeeeeech! Ya that's right boys and girls! Gruesomania climbs from the depths of hell to play right in Montreal. (I would like to mention here that I was not late for Lost Patrol. I was on time and was having a deep conversation on the rising cigarette prices.)

There are the Gruesomes with their scary haircuts and groovy tunes. They declare that Nwfoundland is the surf capitol of Canada. Except they wouldn't surf at *Ar Handle Cove*: A place where even the ugliest of the ugly dare not go.

The guitars were sending sound waves of violent tendencies to the youthful crowd. Some members of the audience began to disrupt the smooth bop of their fellow spectators. Ya, that's right: Thrashing at a Gruesomes show. I would like to thank that asshole who smashed me in the face. So people bopped to the Pandora's and thrashed to the Gruesomes: I know something is wrong here.

It was a night of excitement. Grooving to the crunch and munch of these fine lads, avoiding push and slammers and having a grand old time. The band band pulled a hot and heavy show. There's lots of albums and tapes out so do 'em a favor and buy one.

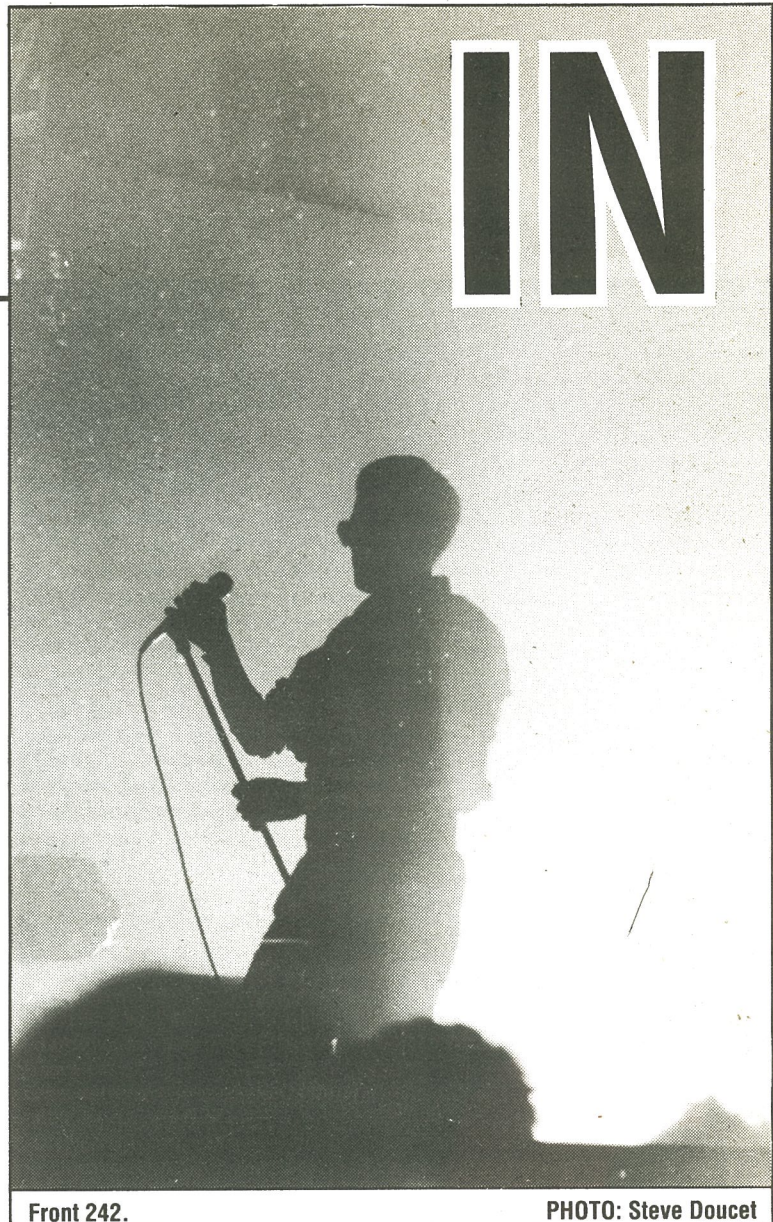
Domenic Castell

Malcolm's Interview May 20 Foufounes Electrique

The tradition of British folk music is being reborn all across the Isles, except this time, there's a difference. These new folkies are emerging from the remnants of punk—hence a fast, driving beat with folk instrumentation. Malcolm's Interview picks up on the musical initiatives of bands like The Oyster Band and the lyrical left leanings of such artists as Billy Bragg and Paul Weller.

When you consider this background, it is surprising that the place was basically empty.

IN



Front 242.

PHOTO: Steve Doucet

Even if the politics aren't appealing, the music inspires energetic dancing. In fact, if you don't dance you might become bored with a beat that remains permanently on fast and hard. This isn't the sort of music that you put on in the hopes of creating that special sort of atmosphere. This is beer-drinking music.

Each song was prefaced by a few words directed at whatever oppressive system was being attacked, be it South Africa, the Thatcher government, the traditional English fox hunting or the right-wing press. Songs were also introduced with words of praise for the plight of such underdogs as miners or the power of the union. They're music is a vehicle for the message and the message is as powerful as the music.

This is Malcolm's Interview's second tour across Canada, to build up interest for their second LP soon to be released under their new name *God's Little Monkeys*.

After some people have had a chance to hear their music, they will pack 'em on a sweaty dance floor. Until then, they will be playing to too-small groups of the already converted.

Rebecca Scott

Stratejakets and Idees Noires April 26 Station 10

The Stratejakets opened the show and in fact were the whole show as the main act. Idees Noires apparently decided to go to Foufounes to see Killing Joke instead—there's true dedication for you. (Several people told me this so it might be a load of crap).

Anyway the Stratejakets kicked ass again—Sabbath eat your hearts out! Station 10 was pretty vacant, which is a pity because these guys are really good and went over well with the few who showed up. Either noone knows this band or everyone went to see Killing Joke with Idees Noires. They played just over half an hour of their updated-classic-metal-sound opening with their definitive cover of Sabbath's *Fairies Wear Boots* as well as *Walls* and *Flowers of the Ordained*. Unfortunately they appeared to have dropped one of their best songs, *You're so Cool* from their set. Too bad. They also performed *Elevator*—a new song about mind expanding substances and closed with a new instrumental.

They have a record out but didn't bring

any copies to the show (maybe because it was an Idees Noires show) but it's supposed to be available at cool stores in case you'd like to check them out.

Erik

Sons of Freedom May 13 Foufounes Electriques

The band is from Vancouver and presumably concluding their current tour having played their way eastwards and are off to play Calgary on the 16th. They're kind of hard to describe.

Their music is a sort of slow (usually) metalish heavy barbituate stuff. They did almost all-original stuff for their hour-and-a-half set. I don't know the titles to most of their songs but *Criminal* and *Fuck the System* both stood out. One of their most intense songs, which helped win over the initially subdued crowd, was a long doomsday recitation (I've always loved that phrase) song, the Stooges' brilliant *We Will Fall*.

They played Iggy Pop's *Funtime* along with three or four other encores. Come to think of it, the band sounded like a heavier '77 Iggy from his *Idiot/Lust for Life* period. Altogether the show was very good if not a little too tranquil in atmosphere.

Erik

Junior Gone Wild May 4 The Toucan, Kingston

Situation: Kingston for the summer? Bleah!

Revelation: Junior Gone Wild? Here? Hey, Maybe my hometown isn't so square after all...

Impression Midway Through First Set: Maybe it is—the group have toned down their act for the club and its patrons. More country harmonies and a more subdued tempo.

Terror: Intro to "the greatest song ever written" sounds like U2's *Angel of Harlem*. (It turns out to be Dylan's *Like a Rolling Stone*, but the cheers from the back underline my fears about this audience).

Impression By End of First Set: Hey, I'm enjoying this stuff after all.

Action: I talk with the guitar player and ask him to play one of their tougher numbers that I remember from their Montreal gigs.

Impression Midway Through Second Set: Tougher, but still countryish—I enjoy it

CONCERT 17

immensely. They rip into and plow through the song I requested.

Observation: The rural couple are far more creative in their dance steps than the students.

Final Impression: Damn good show from a damn good band—Junior Gone Wild have pulled off the remarkable accomplishment of pleasing a crowd of Queens students, businessmen and country fans... with their own songs to boot.

Epilogue: Kingston for the summer? It'll do.

Geraldo Rivera (or Dave McIntyre)

Broken Smile, Brotherhood, Hazy Azure (!?), The Accused
May 16

Foufounes

Four bands in one night of which at least two of 'em could fill the place by themselves on a weekend. The place was pretty full anyway especially for a Tuesday. I suppose this is phase II of Foufounes someone mentioned a few issues ago that they wanted to put on larger, multi-band shows following their expansion.

Broken Smile started the fun—I'd never heard of them before. Anyone who read my Stratejackets review will think I'm the biggest Sabbath fanatic (who thinks everyone copies them) for saying this, but I did find they are a bit derivative of BS and also of the Doughboys although some people may further hate me for saying that. They were a good band though.

Hazy Azure came on next and were are great: Probably one of the most original bands or at least one of the most uniquely demented in town. Hey Ig, what's life all about? The first part of their set was great. I missed most of the middle but it sounded pretty good from the terrace. I did see the last few songs, though the band wasn't as pleased with their end as their beginning.

Seattle's **Brotherhood** followed Hazy. They were another fast loud band (surprise, surprise) who were pretty decent although you couldn't hear any of the words. Sometime after this the **Accused** started. It's tempting to call the Accused hard-core-metal or something same like that. Anyway, they shared the best reaction of the night with Hazy Azure.

Erik

Kali & Dub Inc., Me, Mom & Morgentaler
May 3
Café Campus

I guess I broke a tradition here at Rear-Garde when I actually saw the opening act. I was happy to find out that opening bands may at times be worthwhile checking out. It was the case with Me, Mom & Morgentaler.

They're currently the most happening band in the Montreal scene. They played more than an hour of their own brand of ska, a mixture of saxophones and trumpet with traditional ska rhythms (don't forget the political lyrics) to an enthusiastic skanking crowd. Speaking about crowds it was a big one for a show at Café Campus. As the opening act, Me, Mom & Morgentaler attracted more people than Kali & Dub judging by all the funny haircuts in the place.

Kali & Dub appeared on stage with new member Keith (ex SCUM) on bass. The band played a good set of techno-influenced reggae to a crowd which had lost some of its enthusiasm. It's too bad because Kali & Dub have an interesting sound, different from other traditional reggae bands. It seemed that Kali & Dub lacked a following that night. Then again, who knows where the hell Café Campus is.

Stéphane Courval

Bob Mould
Diamond Club, Toronto
May 19

Bob and crew (featuring Anton Fier on Drums, Pere Ubu's Tony Maimone on bass and Chris Stamey on rhythm guitar) delivered, along with a few other treats, mostly

songs from Mould's debut *Workbook*. Moving easily from short but delicate instrumentals into trademark Mould fuzz-pop tunes, they grabbed the audience's attention from the start and didn't let go.

While Fier and Maimone kept to their own, yet fitting, styles forming an interestingly tight rhythm section, it was the Stamey/Mould alliance that really made the show. It was the flurries of notes between these two guitar masters that really separated this new band from Husker Du.

The hour-plus set was followed by two encores, the first featuring a classic, almost **Lynrd Skynrd**, rendition of **Richard Thompson's** *Shoot Out The Lights*, the second consisting of three acoustically-played Husker tunes.

But this was all icing on the proverbial cake. Mould had more than proven himself

by this time.

Mike Letourneau

Uncommon Society, Bahama 9, Bliss Slither Club
April 28

"Wow, thanks really, thanks a lot!" said the singer from **Uncommon Society** after their first rather out-of-tune S.N.F.U.-influenced set. Some people did applaud, most preferred to continue their conversations. You have appreciate that Uncommon Society come from Northern Ontario where the hardcore is limitted to S.N.F.U and 7 Seconds.

Bahama 9, even though they didn't try to cover *Cannibal Cafe*, didn't grab enough of my attention to stop me from leaving early in their set for a quick dose of MSG at a local Chinese food place. I was told later

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen



Dayglo Abortions, Infamous Basturds, Lizard
Foufounes
May 11

This was my first show at the newly renovated Foufounes. Basically it still looks like a dump, but then if it didn't it wouldn't be Foufounes. I mean I spent the better part of my adolescence going to that place. Oops. I mean since I was eighteen. Anyway it holds about a thousand people now or something. The upstairs is kind of a cool idea for those of you who want to see the band and not have to worry about getting your toes stomped by thrashing lunatics. I just wonder how long it will be before someone takes a dive off the upper level. Could be interesting.

Lizard are part of the exodus of bands to come to Montreal from the Maritimes. Anybody like **Slayer**? Stupid question huh? Well then you'll love these guys. Way-heavy dual guitars with lots of those fun mosh riffs that everybody always goes crazy for. I wish more locals bands would go for this sound instead of the cheesy thrash that most of them are playing. Good energy from the singer too.

The **Infamous** dudes and babe were up next. Have I ever mentioned that **Infamous Basturds** are not a speedcore band? Nor are they speedmetal, thrashmetal, deathmetal, or salsaskatecore. This partydownrockinmotherfuckinroll. As the singer (if you don't know his name by now...) would no doubt tell you. They announced that this was to be their last show of the eighties as they are taking a break to record an album and see the world. As soon as they ripped into *The*

King I could see that they are definitely going to be missed during their sabbatical.

The bodies were flying as kids crawled over each other to high five Chico or to yell into the mike whenever it was offered to them. The mayhem never really let down as they moved through most of the songs from their *Lifestyles Of The Rich And Infamous* EP. They also played a few new songs like *Bite* (soon to be featured on the upcoming *On Garde* compilation album.) *The Gift*, and *Captain Infamous*. They also played *Highschool* a great poppy Descendents kind of tune one my personal favorites. They closed with a rockin' cover of *Fight For Your Right To Party*. They did try and fight to play one more song but Lizard had played too long so they had the plug pulled on them.

After the Habs finished burying the Flyers and everyone sure that Ron Hextall must have at one point in his miserable life been a skinhead, the Dayglos took to the wobbly stage. There isn't really a whole lot to be said. They've been around for a long time and they really haven't changed that much in their eight or so years of existence. They play almost all the material from their two grungy metal/hardcore albums.

Everything from the oldies like *Acting Like Black Sabbath* to brand new stuff from their upcoming *Two Dogs Fucking* album. A pretty decent evening all in all. About the only down point was the rather unsympathetic bouncers who clobbered anybody who bumped into them. Lighten up guys.

John Coinner

that they were actually O.K.

Bliss—well, "Bliss are a hundred times better than **Fail-Safe** and a hundred times better than **Worshipping Flock**" (or god, or amok, or something like that) according to an individual who calls himself "dead fish". Yeah, Bliss were brilliant. Sylvain was unsuccessfully strangled with Iain's mic cord, the incident lasting all of fifteen seconds. Most people missed it. If you don't know about Iain's stage presence including the Mr. Wormy Puppet Show you'd best see for yourself.

Jennifer Jarvis

No Mind, Fifth Column Rivoli
May 10

"Rock Gods" **No Mind** hit the stage amidst thick smoke. The heavy drum beat—audible, not visible—made me think I was at a **Bon Jovi** show.

No Mind, sans singer Scott, announced "We are Superfly." Instrumentally they seem heavier, giving only small traces to the late band. Everyone seemed to groove. Myself included. They left in the same fashion as they entered; a percussive puff of smoke.

I was all set to leave after the first **Fifth Column** song. At first sounding inexperienced I realized quickly that they had actually perfected this unified, awkward atonality. Somewhere between **Siouxie** and the sixties, tambourines and an arty film to boot.

This strange line-up turned out to be a nice refreshing change.

Jennifer Jarvis

D.J. Leibowitz, Brontocrushrock, Guilt Parade, Dayglo Abortions
Apocalypse Club
May 13

This show was actually a benefit to help **Fringe Records** pay for pending court costs surrounding the apparent obscenities in said Dayglo record. Something about a Police Chief's daughter or something. Four bands played. Five hundred people tied to attend. Less than three hundred actually made it in the door because of strict I.D. checks and over-crowding.

D.J. Leibowitz' childish humor, whinnying and keyboard playing was funny for about thirty seconds. Bad covers of classics like *Holiday in Cambodia* proved to me that maybe he should be playing children's parties.

Some people like **Brontocrushrock**. I'm not one of them. Sorry guys.

By the time **Guilt Parade** hit the stage there were more than just a few people gathered around the stage. Vocalist Jeff Beardall's laryngitis didn't seem to have much affect aside from hoarse vocals. They seem to be one of the best true hardcore bands in this city. Political anti-American lyrics with a humorous twist.

It's not a matter of whether or not you like the **Dayglo Abortions** as much as getting into the whole "punk-rock thing". The crowd and last minute security squad made up of members of BFGs took up more space on stage than the band. These men who claim that their shit stinks were being worshipped by the throng of loyal fans. Aside from a few bloody injuries all seemed to go well.

The hype surrounding the band brought Punks, Rockers, Skins and Hippies into an orgy of beer and loud music.

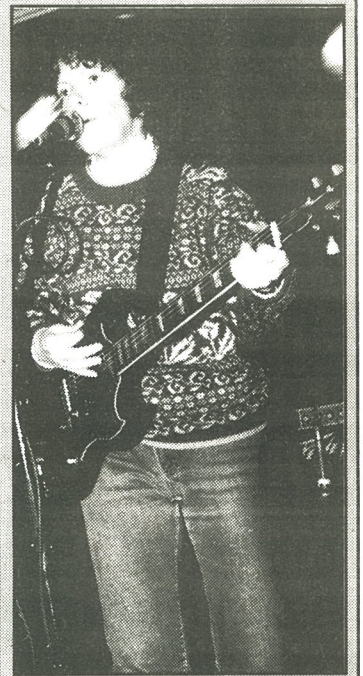
Jennifer Jarvis

Sucker Punch, Tragic Mulato
Slither
May 14

What was supposed to be an early 7:30 show didn't get started til 9:00. But it was well worth the wait. Ever since I saw **Tragic Mulato** a year ago I've been waiting for a return engagement to see what changes they'd made this time.

First up was **Sucker Punch**. This was a first experience for me and I was very impressed. A cross between the **Ramones** and the **Gun Club**. Only problem was that

PHOTO: Derek Von Essen



Mo Tucker with Half Japanese, Groovy Religion
Rivoli
May 2

Groovy Religion have new/old drummer Glenn Milchem playing with them again. Seems to me that Milchem has been doing some serious listening to **Metallica**. All this has given a more metallic sound to the no-so-constantly changing sound of **Groovy Religion**. It's been a while since I heard these boys live. Still a treat.

Mo Tucker hit the stage with one mellow and one not so mellow tune. The show became more enticing as **Jad Fair** took the lead vocals and ripped through two **Half Japanese** tunes. The next two slowed the pace as **Mo** once again sang a couple. The whole night was two and two by the respective headliners.

The final outcome was inconsistent but ultimately a great Half Jap. show (including really great cover versions c/o **Jad** "daddy cool" Fair) and an uneventful **Mo Tucker** comeback. Although I do wish **Mo** was my mom because she seems really cool, I just can't imagine my mom singing with a band as great as **Half Japanese**, that's all.

P.S. Marlboro

there were too many rock clichés on stage.

Tragic Mulato's set was well worth the wait. Their set consisted of songs from their two releases as well as selections from their forthcoming album. It's just too bad the turn out was so small, and the heckler didn't help matters much either. This is one of the best socially conscious bands to come out of San Francisco in quite a while.

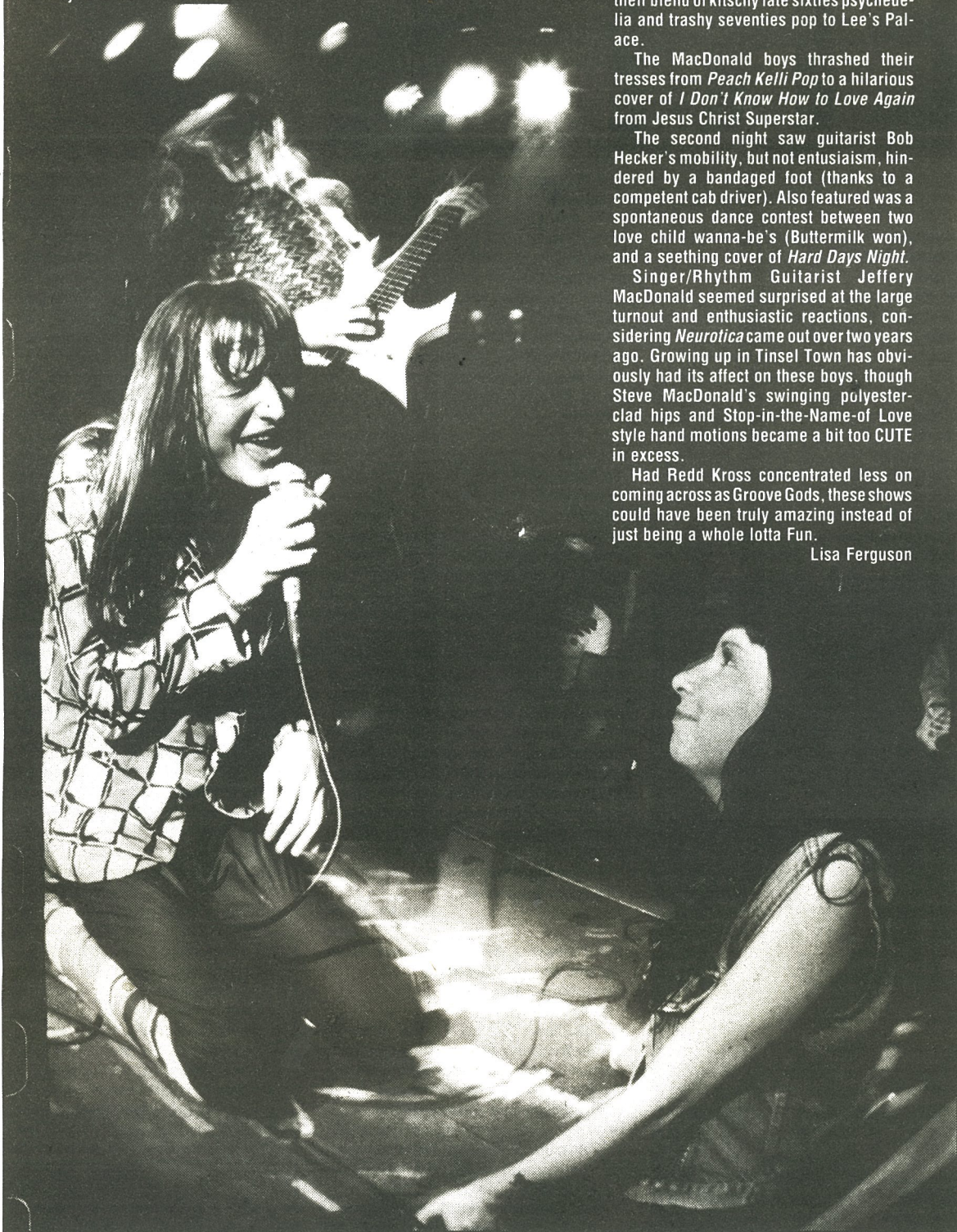
The next time **Tragic Mulato** come to a venue near you be sure to attend for a lifetime experience. Imagine the **Butthole Surfers** and the **Glen Miller Orchestra** on one stage and you might begin to understand why.

Neil "dead fish" Wiernik

Jerry Jerry Tycoon
May 26

The first thing you notice about **Jerry Jerry** is that he has a big head. Dark eyebrows, and he sings with his eyes closed, like **Doug** and the **Slugs**. He has the same kind of voice too, a nasally twang comes out of a hollower deeper throat that can get gravelly easy enough. He sings songs for people who are under the poverty line, or just above the poverty line, despite the fact that they are working. Songs about discovering universal truths and ideas to live by,

Redd Kross
Lee's Palace, Toronto
May 19 & 20



"A symphony of hair" is how a drunk friend summed up the experience when these "long haired friends of Jesus" brought their blend of kitschy late sixties psychedelia and trashy seventies pop to Lee's Palace.

The MacDonald boys thrashed their tresses from *Peach Kelli Pop* to a hilarious cover of *I Don't Know How to Love Again* from Jesus Christ Superstar.

The second night saw guitarist Bob Hecker's mobility, but not enthusiasm, hindered by a bandaged foot (thanks to a competent cab driver). Also featured was a spontaneous dance contest between two love child wanna-be's (Buttermilk won), and a seething cover of *Hard Days Night*.

Singer/Rhythm Guitarist Jeffery MacDonald seemed surprised at the large turnout and enthusiastic reactions, considering *Neurotica* came out over two years ago. Growing up in Tinsel Town has obviously had its affect on these boys, though Steve MacDonald's swinging polyester-clad hips and Stop-in-the-Name-of Love style hand motions became a bit too CUTE in excess.

Had Redd Kross concentrated less on coming across as Groove Gods, these shows could have been truly amazing instead of just being a whole lotta Fun.

Lisa Ferguson

PHOTO: Rob

while being drunk out of your mind. Intelligent stuff. And he has been in this city with fragments of his band **Jerry and the Sons of Rythmn orchestra**.

Every once in a while at a gig, one or two of the guys from the original band of Edmontonians, who came to our city in late 1985, would show up to play a guest song or two. They released a great album, actually, the first one was good too, and Jerry has been taking his rock holy roller show around to clubs in Montreal and other places since.

So here is Jerry playing in some yuppie fern bar with hanging plants, and the only band member I recognize from the last time is the bass player. There's a sax player this time to help augment the sound, and he crunches through some of his standards (or if yer a serious Jerry fan, these are the classics) things like *Living on Top*, *Bad Idea*, *Bad Luck at Tulane* and whatever else he's done on the first two albums. Yeah, Jerry still has the goods, and he still drinks copious amounts of beer on stage, and the band still looks and sounds like the inspiration for *Jailhouse Rock*, so it is with some restraint that I watched this show while on some of the best clinical I've done in years.

Still the same self deprecatory banter with the edge of smarminess that endears the guy to our hearts, still the same pronouncements from the stage to introduce songs like *Free Love*. New songs like *L.A. Turnaround* and *You can't get into heaven with a tattoo on your bum*.

He does the last song, walks off, and then the band does the same. Then the crowd (where do all these young people come from) hollers for more, so Jerry gets up and cranks out *Pusher for Jesus* and *Battle Hymn of the Apartment*, two almost immortal Jerry tunes. These are the show stoppers that get people flailing around- thrash, dervish step, thrash, dervish step and again. These are the opening electric sword slash riffs that elicit audible sounds of pleasure from the same crowd.

The band tore through the first mentioned song with the speed of a backfire bomber. If Jerry is tired of this tune, like *Bill Medley* is of *You've Lost that Loving Feeling*, it doesn't show.

The second mentioned song saw Jerry step into the milling throng (milling like a

real mill) and sit on the P.A. speaker while the guitarists and sax player soloed. Then it was time for the clearly exhausted, inebriated but always energetic Jerry to bark out the last few lines of the song. It makes a nice picture, Jerry with his Sears special shirt and Woolco pants hanging off a frame that is deceptively lanky, beer in one hand, and mike in the other, purposefully oblivioned, singing, "but your discipline is such, that control does not exist, when you go into a spin, you'll be sucked into the drift."

See this guy before he signs up for the cruise ship circuit and is discovered by somebody with wealth and power.

Brendan Cahill

Love & Money

Café Campus

May 21

Seeing **Bobby Paterson** and **James Grant** from **Love & Money** on Musique Plus on Sunday afternoon, I thought the Café would be crowded (some café), but it was full to a comfortable level.

Winter was the first song, being onomatopoeic in nature, it was dreary. *Axis of Love* sounded more like live music and they began to gain confidence. When they played *Blue eyed World R & B* influences showed.

Seeing their vid on T.V., they appeared to be a two bit band from England, but **L&M** are from Glasgow and formed because of unemployment, so musicianship is a priority (even if they are non consequential).

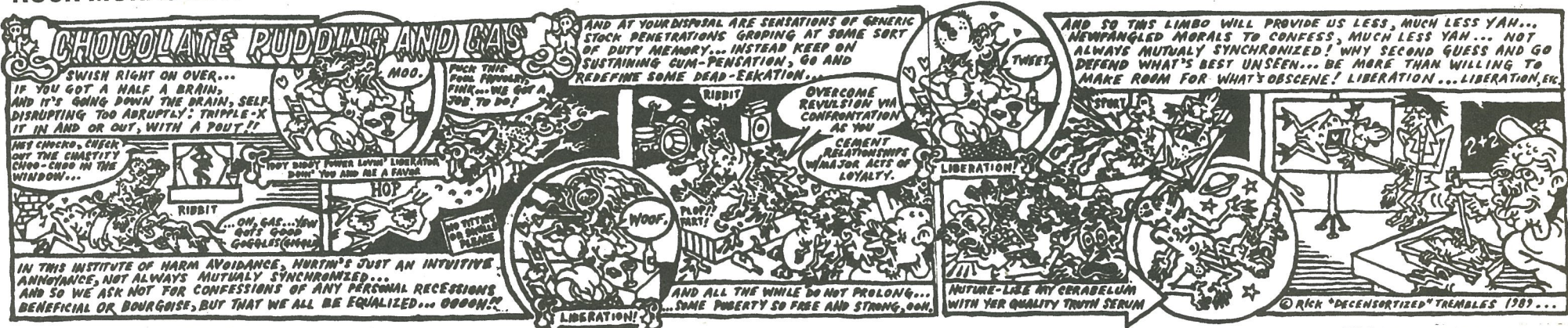
They were surprisingly good live. Their staged records, slightly over produced by **Gary Katz**, seem to be for our lounge lizard contemporaries, who entertain at dinner with the inevitable game of Trivial Pursuit. However, as a live band they have good keyboard/piano and acoustic guitar, especially on *Looking for Angeline*.

Too late in the set, **Bobby Paterson** the vocalist told us all to get off our asses and dance- well done, about time someone started to abuse the lethargic audience of this town. So *Up Escalator* got them moving, then two encores finished the set.

I recommend to see them live, but not to go out and get their record- sorry boys, find a new producer and keep that live sound.

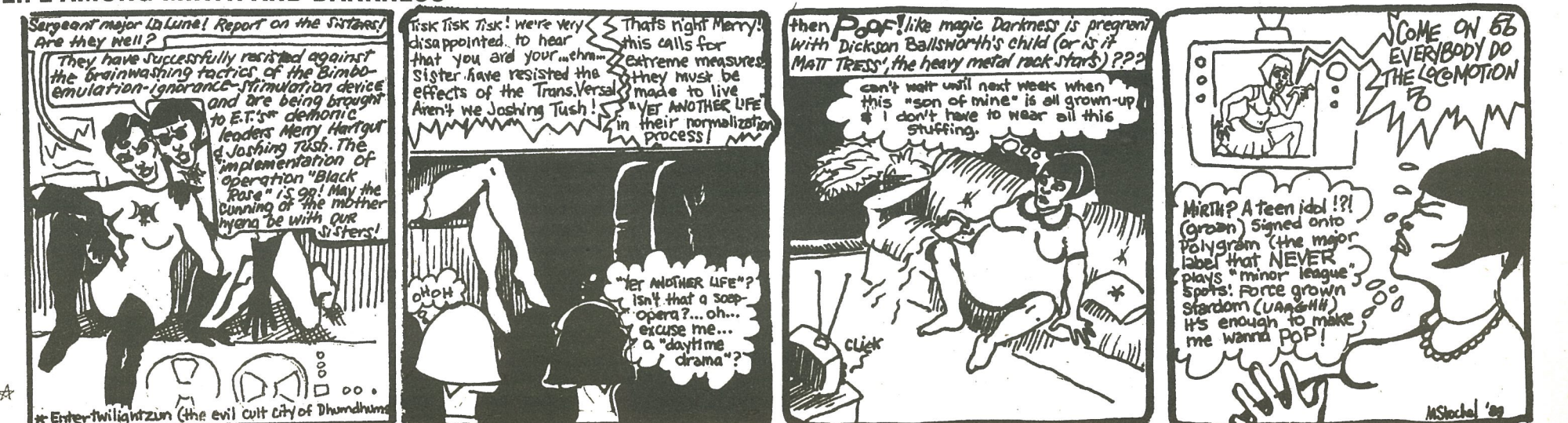
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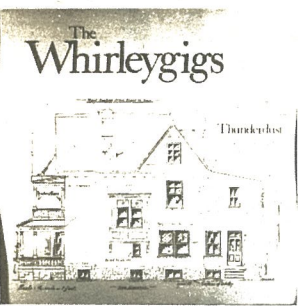
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Belgian Troopers Are Back!

Smoke bombs were set in place as the pulsating lights were aimed at the stage for Front 242, at the Rialto. They started the set with the song *Cyrcing Overland*. Many people danced to the punchy, aggressive beat while others just watched in amazement. On stage was an array of stunning visual light effects and a cyclone chaos of smoke and shellshocking sounds.

In this jungle of sound and imagery was the band. Patrick Codenys was kept station-

art.

RearGarde: Did any of you serve time in the army? I know that all males in Belgium have to serve one year in the Belgian Armed Forces before reaching the age of 21.

Jean Luc: The three of us, Richard, Daniel and myself were exempted for medical reasons.

Patrick: I went through the one year military service, but that was a while back, when I was 18 years old.

RearGarde: So how old are the band

to is a commercial headhunter whose job it is to find the best man to do the job.

RearGarde: How about *U-Men*? Where did you get the idea for that song?

Jean Luc: I got the idea for that song through a French science-fiction writer by the name of Jean Rey. He wrote many short stories that you would dare not fall asleep reading because they had terrifying endings.

RearGarde: Speaking about terror, there seems to be a lot of it in some of your songs. Why is that?

Patrick: The terror in our music just reflects the information gained through the news media.

RearGarde: Is each member happy with the music?

Patrick: Each member is partly happy with the music. We're always in conflict and debating what should go into the final product. I'm sure you, as an interviewer, have limitations on what you want to do and are allowed to do for this interview. The same goes for us, we work for 242 before we can work for ourselves.

RearGarde: I remember in your earlier interviews you described yourselves as a family that's always in conflict and yet this

ing country, why have you chosen the English language in your music? Is it because it's more internationally known?

Jean Luc: Well... that's part of the reason behind it. The real reason is that French is a lengthy language. You could express so much in one English sentence where in French it would take five sentences to express the same meaning. That's the neat thing about English; it's concise, direct and simple.

RearGarde: You sound very dramatic and powerful on stage. Will there be a live album coming out?

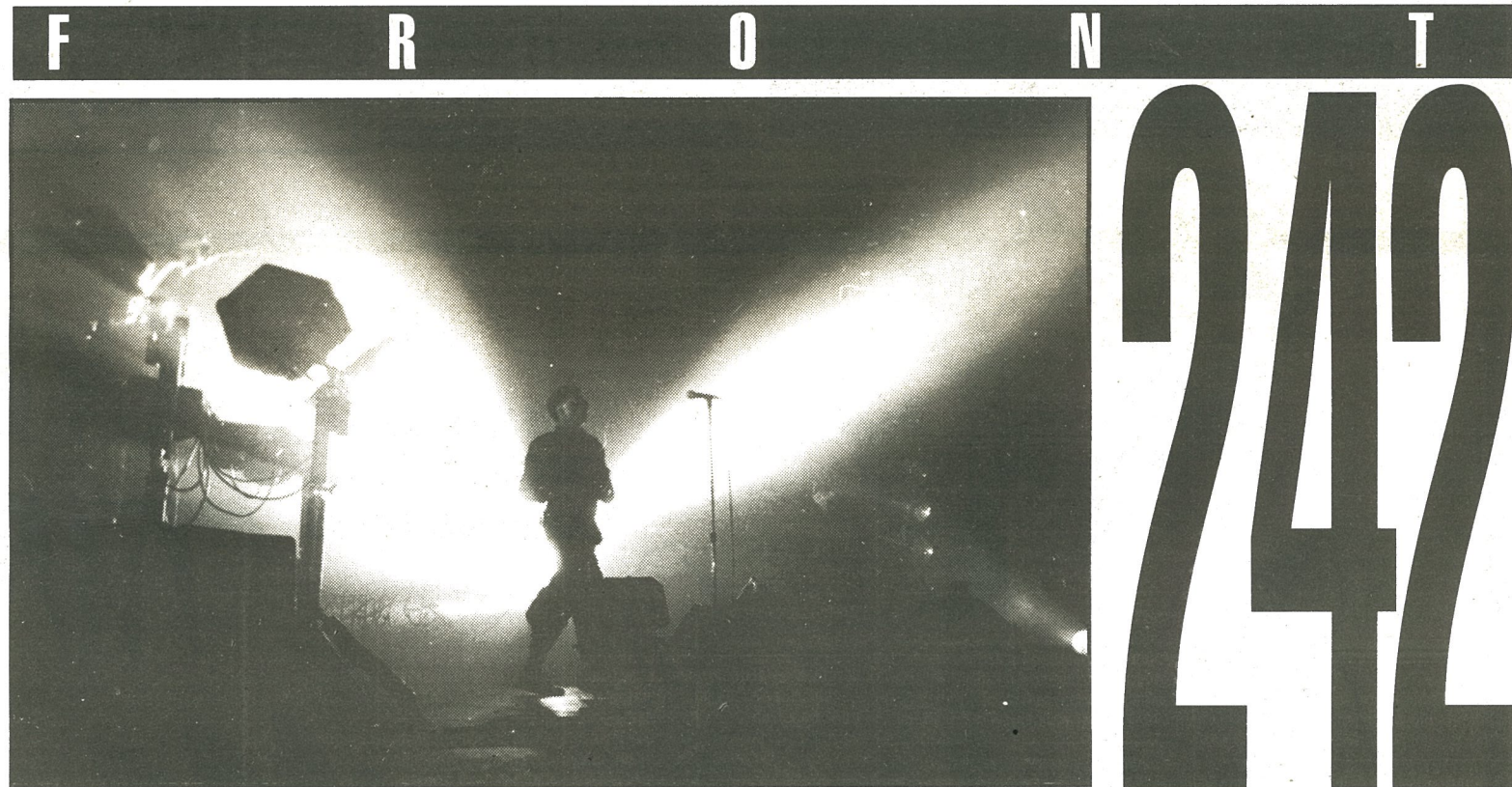
Patrick: We had hopes to release a live album by the end of the year. However with the time spent on touring it won't out 'til 1990.

RearGarde: I don't remember seeing you, Daniel, on stage.

Daniel: No, I'm never on stage and I'm not in any pictures with the group. On tour I take care of the sound-checking and monitor the P.A. system. Back at the studio I'm heavily involved with the production and mixing of the music.

RearGarde: Are you happy the way the tour is going?

Daniel: Well maybe now since the tour is



ary at his keyborad machine while the mohawked drummer, Richard 23, and the lead vocalist, Jean Luc de Meyer, intermittently danced at the audience's pace.

The stage scene became even more dramatic and tense as the band played the songs *IM Rhythmus Bleiben* and *Work 242*. As I looked around everybody was standing very still as if they were in a hypnotic trance, mesmerized as the strobe-like stage lights. Then suddenly evrything went black followed by a two second silence and then applause. Just Beautiful!

While Richard 23 was busy with the French interviews, I managed to do an interview with the three other members.

RearGarde: What is the real meaning behind Front 242?

Patrick: Basically, Front 242 has been chosen arbitrarily as a commercial label name, like Adidas and Coca-Cola. It has no special meaning.

RearGarde: What kind of jobs do you do besides working for 242?

Patrick: Jean Luc has university degrees in history and demography and is now an assistant boss for an insurance company. Richard is just a regular worker also working for an insurance company and Daniel and I are working professionals in graphic

members and yourself now?

Patrick: Richard is 25, Jean Luc and I are both 30, and Daniel is 31.

RearGarde: Through the years has the band and music changed considerably?

Patrick: The band line-up has been the same as when we first formed in Brussels in '81. As for music, through each phase of time we used the latest technology available and whatever our budget could afford. Also we have are own graphic company and recording studio. What we used eight years ago was very primitive as compared to what we're using now.

RearGarde: What groups inspired you?

Patrick: It was mostly German electronic bands like **Kraftwerk** and **DAF**. Aside from musical tastes, we're also influenced by T.V. and radio. These are excellent sound-producing devices and most of our library of sound samplings are taken from these two sources.

RearGarde: Could you clarify the meaning behind the song *Headhunter*?

Patrick: The song is just about a new breed of professional people hunting other people to sell to big companies. For instance, a boss of a company requires a salesman, he phones an employment agency and tells the guy on the other line that he needs a salesman by the next day. Now the person he just called

same conflict keeps you together.

Patrick: Yes, what some people don't realize is that conflict can be a very good energy-driving force through which new ideas could flourish. We tend to look at the dark side of things in life but in a positive way.

Jean Luc: That's right. We're not with or against anything. Like a news-cast team, we just pass the information to the public and let them be the judge of it.

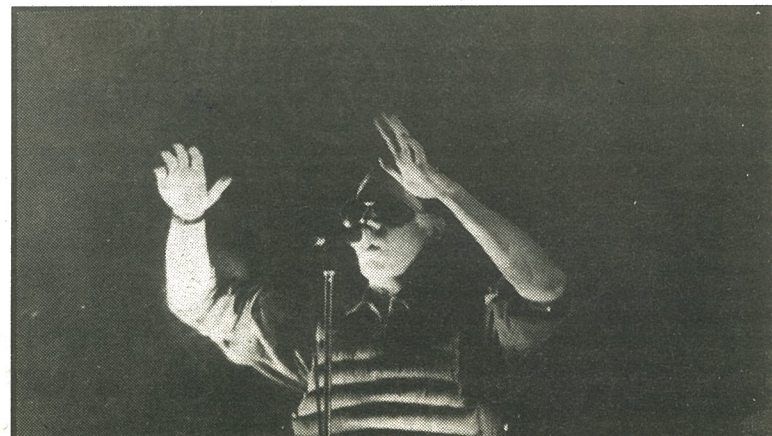
RearGarde: If you're from a French-speak-

close to an end. We've been on tour since January and it's the same routine thing we go through almost everyday.

Jean Luc: But we really like Montreal. People here speak our native tongue and that's one of the things we really look forward to when we're on tour.

After finishing their Canadian tour Front 242 are returning to their headquarters in Brussels to do work on a forthcoming album with an even heavier beat.

Interview conducted by Paul Bedi.



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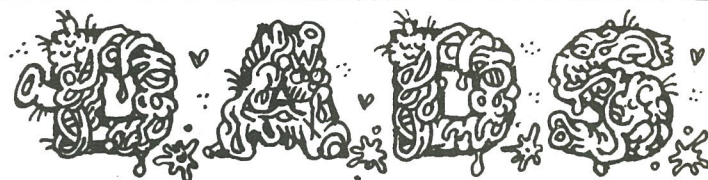
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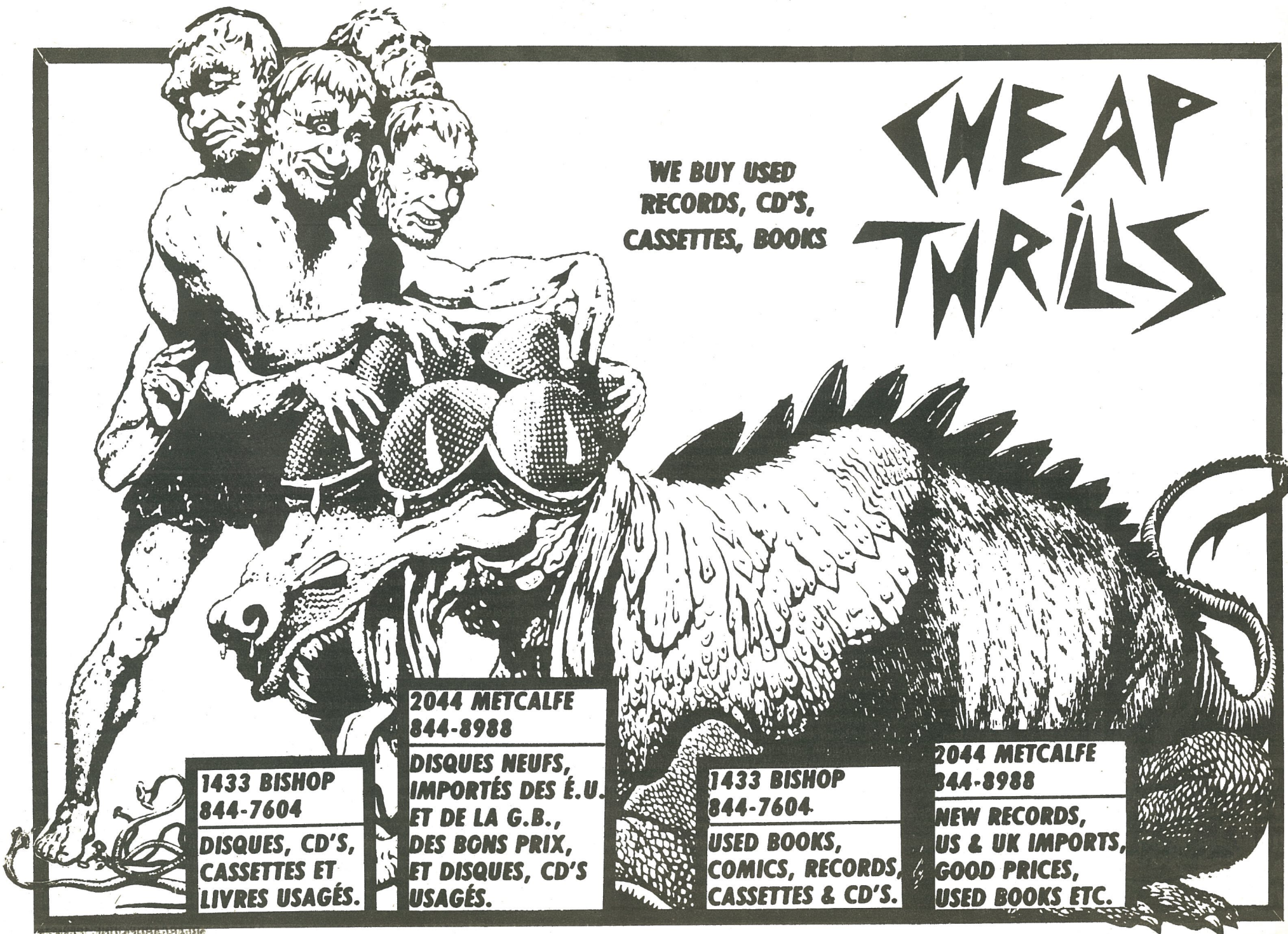
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The House of Love, *The House of Love*
When I first heard this London-based band's first release, *Christine*, I could have sworn to God that it was **The Jesus and Mary Chain** cuz the lead singer had that same tender voice like on the *Jesus' Just Like Honey*. Funny they should sound like **The Jesus**, for **The House of Love** even have two songs on their album that are about Jesus. Don't get the wrong impression, it's not a God-venerating elpee, but one that depicts our queries about or quest for God... pretty deep, eh? However, the rest of the songs on this album are plain right happy-jolly songs, the type you'd play while driving on the highway through the Rockies or by the sea. In fact, they have this cool-crisp-chiming-chords sound similar to the guitars of **Felt**. They also have the swaying ambience of **The Velvet Underground** of even of **Echo and The Bunnymen**. If you want summery happy-jolly melodies, this is your bet. (Mercury/Creation Records/Polygram)

Amanlee Apogee



Urge Overkill, *Jesus Urge Superstar*
This Chicago trio's sound is based on the electric blues/acid rock of former trios like **Hendrix**, and **the Cream**. They have updated that style to the 80's with **Husker Du**, and **Butthole Surfers**. These guys are heavy 80s acid rock. Layers of distorted guitars over a solid backbeat and pounding bass. The lyrics aren't all rosy—they're about death, insanity, God, Hell, and the Flintstones. Music to freak out by. (Touch & Go, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, Ill., 60625)

Greg Miller

Dead Can Dance, *The Serpent's Egg*
This is the type of music you'd play during a session of introspection. But of course, as we all know, most *Rear/Garde* readers are just wild extroverts! (News to me—ed.) Nevertheless, **Dead Can Dance** would appeal to you while you're in a deep trance of existential cogitation. (If it ever happens to you!) No doubt that **Dead Can Dance** would be perfect to accompany **Philip Glass** in the next *Koyanis/Powa-quatsi* movie. And no doubt that there are never dumb lyrics in **Dead Can Dance**'s music. Their songs always chime with the grandiose gong of truth and diffuse an apocalyptic feeling through beautiful dying-angel voice of **Lisa Gerrard** and the words of wisdom of **Brendan Perry**'s philosophical exaltations. (Whoa! Could you repeat that in monosyllables, please?—ed.) Indeed, it's the music that makes you Think. So for you idle asses, this is not for you. Overall, the music on *The Serpent's Egg* is very refined and exquisite like all other **Dead Can Dance**'s albums. The quality of *The Serpent's Egg*: serious lyrics with intelligent music ranging from medieval trumpets (*Ulysses*) and monastery choir (*Mother Tongue*) and aboriginee-like vocals (*Echolalia*). If you like floating to mystic and aetherial sounds, this is definitely for you. (4 AD/Polygram).

Amanlee Apogee

The Pixies, *Doolittle*
This is another brilliant album by the Boston-based **Pixies**, a band that identified itself with **Husker Du** and also, yes, **Peter, Paul and Mary**. *Doolittle* has everything for everyone: from raunchy-thrashy to poppy-jazzy and melodic (it even has a tiny touch of reggae in *Mr. Grieves*, and a tiny

touch of, yes, country in *Silver*). *I Bleed* is a truly **Pixies** song where all the vocals sound like those of spirits: **Kim Deal** is the fairy, **Black Francis** is the prankster and **David Lovering**, the elf. In *Dead*, there's cool **Sonic Youth**ish guitars, while **Kim** sounds like a little doll reaching orgasm... great combo! Fortunately, you'll be able to know what **Black** the singer is screaming or whining about cuz in a limited edition of *Doolittle* albums they've included a wicked lyrics booklet designed by **Vaughan Oliver**, the Van Gogh of 4AD's 23 envelope. So hurry up and pick em' **Pixies** up! Throw yourself at it and get enthralled! (4AD/Polygram)

Amanlee Apogee

Madball, *Ball of Destruction*
Madball are Freddie Cricien and one half of **Agnostic Front**. Freddie is Miret's (vocalist of AF) 12 year old brother. This 7-inch is filled with eight songs and lasts for a total of 4 minutes. Folks, Freddie was no choir boy at the local church. This snarling kid growls out old **Agnostic Front** tunes with his bear-like vocals in the true New York style. This is so raw my dog wouldn't even eat it. Definitely no choir boy. (In-Effect Records/Relativity, 187-07 Henderson Ave, Hollis, NY 11423)

Joel Robinson

Laughing Hyenas, *You Can't Pray A Lie*
Coming out of Ann Arbor, Michigan are the searing, flesh-ripping, snot-burning successors to the **Stooges**' legacy, the **Laughing Hyenas**. This is their first full-length LP, after having released an EP and a few cassettes, and sheeit does it ever blare! They'll probably have played at Fôufounes, or your city, by the time you get round to reading this, and if you missed it, well.... The vinyl includes such wickedly brutal tracks as *Love's My Only Crime*, *Desolate Son*, and *New Gospel*. They have a wee bit in common soundwise with **Touch & Go** label-mates the **Surfers** and **Killdozer**, and their live shows are rumored to be the ultimate blast off. The lead singer reportedly "...gargles with Drano", does musical/industrial salutes to Marlo Thomas, and the instruments are more than just heavy: This disc is definately worth checking out. (Touch & Go, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, Ill., 60625)

Lorrie



Ray Condo and His Hardrock Goners, *Hot 'n' Cold*
It's good to know that some things never change. Ray is up to his old raunch standards and it's still just as potent as ever. This is great demented rockabilly that'll get any cynic toe tappin' and knee slappin'. And 'em Goners are still rockin' the house down. Like they say, you can't improve on an old horse or something like that. (Cargo Records, 747 A Guy St., Montreal, Quebec H3C 1T6).

Melissa

Arsenal, *Manipulator*
Offerings from the remnants of those fuckin' gods of whatever, **Big Black**. This is a weird little EP with a couple, four, techno-thrash tracks that would probably go down better at your local watering dance hole than as a listen-along-at-home disc. I liked *Little Hitlers* and *Memento Mori* muchly. You just might like 'em too. Maybe Albini will be back since **Rapeman** bit the bag due

to controversy. But maybe **Arsenal**'s better off without him. (Touch & Go, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, Ill., 60625)

Lorrie

The Mad Professor Meets Puls der Zeit, *At Checkpoint Charlie*
This is an amazing dub reggae production clash. If you are a fan of **Adrian Sherwood** and **Lee Scratch Perry**, you'll like this one. With every other track produced by the **Mad Professor** (who has worked with the **Ruts DC** among many others) and the **Ariwa Posse**. Alternating with those are **Peter Vinyl**'s production of *Puls der Zeit*, a German reggae/African dub band. Their name means "pulse of time". It's funny to hear the lyrics in German, but it works well. This release is only available on cassette from **Roir**, and is an excellent blend of east and west meeting in musical harmony. Great stuff. (ROIR, #411, 611 Broadway, NY, NY, 10012)

Greg Miller

Exuma, *Rude Boy*
The cassette starts off with the title track which is a fast ska song. The rest of the tape is a grab-bag mixture of reggae, lots of soca, some R&B, and a little soul. **Exuma** has been around for a long time and so far he hasn't had that much attention, even though he has backed up the likes of the late **Peter Tosh** and **Toots & the Maytals**. This recording is full of percussion, horn sections, jump-up rhythms, and humorous lyrics. This is fun in the sun, wishing to be in the Caribbean. A hot summer dance party choice. (ROIR, #411, 611 Broadway, NY, NY 10012)

Greg Miller

Naked Raygun, *Understand?*
This band still has what it takes and I like it. They have catchy hooks, powerful guitars, and unforgettable choruses. This disc ends abruptly and leaves me craving for more. The cassette has the same amount of songs as the album, plus a lyrics sheet. They're moving ahead with their style but they stay true to their roots of '77 punk and oi. They rock—you understand? (Caroline Records, 114 W.26th St., NY, NY, 10001)

Greg Miller

Various, *Beautiful Happiness*
This is a wonderful new compilation of hardcore, post-punk, and whatever. 14 bands with one song each have contributed some of their rare 7"s, unreleased tracks, or specially recorded songs for this vinyl release. Running the gamut from the minimalist grunge of **Art Phag** all the way to the heavy speedcore of **Drunk With Guns**. Toronto's **Shadowy Men From A Shadowy Planet** are included with the song *Aunt's Invasion*. Some hard, grinding cuts from new heavies **Bullet Lavolta** and **Halo of Flies**. Some older bands like **Naked Raygun** and **Live Skull** are here too. From **D.J. Leibowitz** we have the lounge-piano-punk and from **Elvis Hitler** we get the creepy *Ghouls*. This one has it all, this is where the music scene's at. Get it even if it is on import. (Shigaku Ltd., 3rd Floor, The Metrostore, 5-10 Easiman Rd., London W3, England)

Greg Miller

Camouflage, *Voices & Images*
I think it's their first LP... dedicated to their parents (?!). Techno-commercial-postprod studio sound mixed (à la *Depeche Mode*). Male vocals with raw, deep and large-lunged voice to leave the groupies shaking like leaves, getting goose-bumps when they listen to it on their \$500 Walkmans. Big label, big production, big \$. Everything brought on a silver platter to the market place for a nice (but brief) show in *Sam the Record Man*'s display case. Sound's okay, but a bit conservative. Fusion revival (à la *Traffic*) that'll be listened to by the MTV crowd on Fort Lauderdale Beach at 3 AM on July 4th, sipping a Bud. (WEA Music of Canada)

Bery

ON THE RECORD

Trisomie 21, *Works*
Smooth techno effects, computerized, and an electric staccato beat. More and more brassy synth keyboards. Their tenth platter is smoother, but has a far eastern influence—peaceful and graceful as **Jean-Michel Jarre** used to produce (sometimes). Side two is a bit more aggressive: Voice, beat, and chords peak à la française (ex: *St-Preux*). Yes, the French flavour is there for those who've tasted it in the past. This record sounds different from the previous nine—the other were more simple, more tangible. This one gets away from us and maybe from the band as well. Parisians will like it as a syntho-orchestre LP. Who knows—maybe their 11th album'll sound electro-folk. (Play It Again Sam/Cargo).

Bery

Velvet Monkeys, *Rotting Corpse au Go-Go*
More pop-based, less avant-garde than any music I have ever heard on the *Shimmy Disc* label. Therefore, this band has to live and die by it's pop hooks, rather than it's door-blowing power. It offers a mid-60's Beatleboy entry into the LP, but from there on in you're on your own. A noticeable problem is that, although the music is certainly not stuck betwixt a skinny tie and a stupid haircut, I still find a few songs here that have that timeframe's underground melancholy too firmly stuck to it's tight little bottom. This collection of **Monkeys** music is taken from their *Future* and *Drive-In* releases, as well as unreleased material spanning 1980-1984. What I really like about it is **John Dreyfuss**'s saxophone playing. **Don Fleming**'s voice is well suited to the dips and dives the musicians take. Although the music swings from hard to soft, this band is hard to beat for separations and suicide sessions. It'll grow on you. (Shimmy Disc, JAF Box 1187, NY 10116).

Bob McCarthy



Bob Mould, *Workbook*
During the first tune of album you start to expect one of those generic metal overtures

to happen at any moment. Nope, not what you'd expect. Actually, nothing about this album is what you'd expect—for one thing it's really good. **Bob Mould** has altered his production style just enough to make this sound like a cross between **REM** and **The Golden Palominos** (second album). So you're probably thinking to yourself, "Fuck man, **Bob** sold out". Nope. For one thing I don't think **Bob Mould** is capable of selling out—his songs are just too good. Granted, I'm a little bit concerned about his follow-up LP, but if he uses the same line-up we're in for a treat. There's probably a lot I could say about this record but we're a Punk rock mag. We're supposed to hate this record. So I'll just say 'better than a kick in the head.' Wow, I finished the review and didn't even mention **Husker Du**. Hint-Hint. (Virgin/A&M)

P.S. Marlboro



Condition, *Swampwalk*
They don't sound like **Husker Du**. There, I mentioned **Husker Du**. I'm probably what you call a middle-of-the-road fan of *Condition* (No, actually you've got what I'd call a middle-of-the-road haircut—ed.). I first saw them just before the first album came out so I can't be considered a long time follower but I'm not a newcomer to **Julia**'s singing and the rest of the band's plucking and banging. *Swampwalk*, the third release by **Condition** and their first recorded outside of Montreal, outside of Canada for that matter as they invaded the studios in some far off place called Germany, where they probably belong. Now don't take that wrong, all I'm saying is that Germans would probably be more hip to **Condition**'s lounge Jazz than us American-inspired Montrealers. This album features a re-worked version of a previously released *It Came From Canada* track called *Ghost Train* as well as covers of *Runaway* (**Del Shannon**) and *St. James Infirmary* (**Cab Calloway**, I do believe). **Condition** once again throws in some country to the mix, just to fuck us all up probably. After listening to the album a coupla times I wonder how it could be the

A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK



Prepare yourself for an original, prolific and revolutionary experience. Sit back and imagine your eyes watering as they pan over subtle and poignant words that will tug and pluck at your fragile emotions. Delve deep into the hearts and minds of characters you've always wanted to be but never had the guts. Finally after years of finger-breaking typing it's:

The Last Barbecue an original play by BURNT BARFETT

SCENE: Sound of drunk sparrows in the early evening. A large black barbecue naked in rusty innocence is perched on center stage. BURNT is standing behind the barbecue. To the right of the stage is an uneven neon picket fence. In the background stands a two storey run-of-the-mill house with patio doors and two upper windows.

A cellular telephone rings. BURNT casually walks over and answers it.

BURNT: Hello. (slightly dejectedly) Hi Cheetah. (pause) Look this is the last time I'm going to tell you. Now listen, you say "Knock Knock" the other guy says, "Who's there?". You say, "Dwane". He says "Dwane who?". You say, "Dwane the tub I'm D'wousing." Ok, you got it? Good. Look I gotta go. Ciao Buddy, Break a leg.

Enter GORDON GANO of the Violent Femmes. He stands near the fence and begins to sing in the classic Gano style.

GORDON: Well it seems that no matter how much I eat I just can't get full. (Repeat 3 times) I know that the problem is very deep I get nightmares, nightmares, thinkin' about BURNT's cookin'.

BURNT: Hi Gordon, how are ya?

GORDON: Alright I guess. I'm really happy you invited me over—I was feeling kinda blue. Gordon hops over the neon fence.

BURNT: Christ Gordon at least you can make a couple of bucks from your depression. You know there are some people out there who are not only depressed but poor too.

GORDON: How many times do I have to tell you I don't care about the money? As a matter of fact, here, have some.

Gordon reaches into his pocket and hands Burnt a wad of money. Burnt puts it in his pocket.

BURNT: I know you don't care but it seems to me that if I was makin' that kinda dough I wouldn't complain so much.

GORDON: You think I like complaining?...

Burnt interrupts.

BURNT: Look I don't want to get into it now. Where's Brian and Victor? I hope they're not still mad about last time.

GORDON: Well I think Brian's still a little pissed off.

BURNT: Whatta jerk.

GORDON: The silly putty was stuck in his hair for over a week you know.

BURNT: Christ it was only a joke. Sometimes he can be so immature.

GORDON: Yeah he comes from a very wealthy family.

BURNT: Well it's his loss. I really think my rock 'n roll barbecue is finally gonna work. By the time everyone else gets here these coals should be ready and I can start cooking.

GORDON: Whatta ya mean everyone else? You never told me you were inviting other people. I thought we were just gonna sit down and talk about my latest album.

BURNT: Well I'm sure some of the others would be glad to talk to you.

GORDON: Ahh, what do they know. You're the only one who understands me.

BURNT: Gordon I thought this would be good for you. It's not healthy to be so bloody introverted.

GORDON: Can I help it if I'm shy.

Enter two men and two women all dressed in white jump suits. They stand near the neon fence.

BURNT: Look Gordon it's not only that I'm sick of talking about your album. That's all you seem to care about. There's a whole world around us. You've got to start living.

GORDON: Don't look now but there's a bunch of weirdos over by the fence. You keep talking and I'll ease over to the phone and call the cops.

Burnt looks over his shoulder.

BURNT: They're not weirdos, they're ABBA. One of the world's biggest super groups. Jesus I wish I had an applause machine or something guys.

The whole group speaks together in one monotone voice.

ABBA: That's okay BURNT we've had enough appaluse to last us a lifetime.

BURNT: You ain't kidding, well come on over. Welcome to my rock 'n roll barbecue. Oh I almost forgot. This is Gordon Gano from the Violent Femmes.

GORDON: Hi. It's really a huge pleasure to finally meet you all.

ABBA: Hi. Where's Gerard from Deja Voodoo?

BURNT: He couldn't make it tonight.

ABBA: Oh, that's too bad where is he?

BURNT: Well, the Asexuals are coming out with a new album and they needed him to make all the chicken noises.

ABBA: Who are the Asexuals?

BURNT: Never mind.

GORDON: pulls BURNT aside.

GORDON: You never told me you knew ABBA—they're my favorite group ever.

BURNT: You think I didn't know that.

GORDON: But how could you?

BURNT: Gordon it's pretty obvious. There's been so many times I've heard one of you're songs and thought it was ABBA. They must have been an incredible influence.

GORDON: God were they ever. Oh, I'm so nervous.

BURNT: Just relax Gordon. Be yourself, they're people just like you and me. I hope this finally pulls you out of that deep depression.

GORDON: Are you kidding? I'm in heaven. I'm surprised I didn't recognize them.

ABBA: So BURNT, when are you going to review one of our album covers?

BURNT: Well I don't know if I'll still have a column if this barbecue doesn't work out.

ABBA: Don't worry BURNT we'll talk to Paul if things don't go so good.

BURNT: I'm not sure that's the best thing. Sheesh if only Joan Jett were here.

INTERMISSION

Read next month's column for the exciting conclusion to The Last Barbecue. Also if you have any suggestions as to who should show up at The Last Barbecue and you can write, send a letter to BURNT BARFETT co/REARGARDE, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Que., H3G 2N4.

(You know, it's almost like this wasn't a column to review album covers or something—ed.)

same band that does *Swamp Walk* and *Bop & Drop*. Both are opposites in both style and content. After a couple listens it's a good album but I think a few more listens will make me decide whether this is the best they've done. I still think they've got a better one in them. (Amok, PO Box 159, Station G, Toronto, Ont. M6K 3G3)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

The Lyres, Live 1983 Let's have a Party
Here's a real find for Lyres collectors: A live radio recording from WERS, (Boston, I assume), featuring beginning members of the Lyres longest-lasting line-up. This release is miles away from the quality of their final LP *A Promise is a Promise* and lacking in soul. But, then again, it promises nothing more than some good rock 'n roll trash. The Lyres play *I Really Want You Right Now*—one of their best early songs. *Rapid Transit*, with guitars and an organ, is a fast ride through 60's punk turf. Unintentionally funny and badly recorded, but better than most 60's rock 'n roll revival attempts. And hey, make sure to check out *Thee Mighty Caesar's*, John Lennon's *Corpse Revisited*. If you're looking into the crypt catalogue. (Crypt Records)

Bob McCarthy

Doug Orton, (Louise in Paris)

Doug, Doug you've finally let me down. There is only so much fucking accordion an Orton fan can take. I thought Orton's last release *Sleepy Town* was pretty brilliant. But here's proof that his fragile vocals demand guitars, not accordions. I don't care if he is working with *Ophelias*, *Legal Reigners* and *Camper Van Beethoven*, this music reeks of the same soggy white bread that Jonathan Richman has been tossing at us lately. Some satire, great female backing vocals and quite a few hooks, but Orton would have been better served by more muscular arrangements. Perhaps I am being unkind since, after all, one off the wrist of Orton is worth ten off the Dead Milkmen's. He has always recorded such casually fantastic songs and one does have standards for an Orton LP. Start your collection off with an earlier Orton LP not this toss-off into the new-folk arena. (Gene Pool Records, 109 Minna St., Suite 325, San Francisco, CA. 94105).

Bob McCarthy

Drivin' 'n Cryin', Mystery Road

This is it. After a disappointing follow up to *Scarred but Smarter*, the Atlanta pickers are back. Yeah, it's another guitar band, but get this they're good. Lots of volume and tempo changes bring out the hooks and reel you in. Anyone can strum guitars and sing but few make anything worthwhile. Hey I ain't the only one on this bandwagon. Guess who played with REM on the post-Montreal leg? Yeah, damn it, and we got the Indigo Girls. (Island)

John Sekerka

Zulus, Down on the floor

Down on the floor and squirming that is. And you're straight-jacketed. And big gigs of acid are pouring on your head. And small mole creatures are prodding your fleshy parts with red hot pokers. And the phone rings constantly while the same episode of Gilligan's Island plays in the background. And... what? No this has nothing to do with the record. Sorry. Wow, I'm almost outta space. Okay, the Waterboys meet CCR who are doin' Led Zeppelin while Al Jourgensen fiddles with the dials. And a hairy sasquatch drills your molars with a rusty rotor. And a blind surgeon... (Island)

Sekerka

Every Day's a Holly Day

And ain't it the truth. Tav Falco and his Burning cohorts (Alex Chilton on guitar) rip through *Peggy Sue*. The *Lolitas* spark on *Not Fade Away*. You get the drift. It was thirty years ago Feb. 3rd and we were just a horny kid's eternal hope. So what do we care? I dunno, but this is as cool a collection

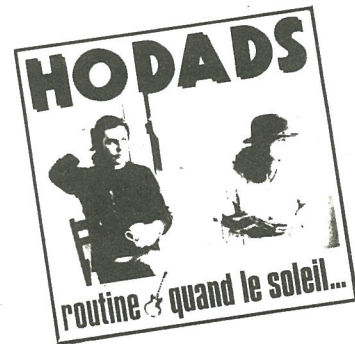
as you'll find. Here's some of the culprits: Elliot Murphy, Chris Bailey and Willie Alexander. (New Rose)

John Sekerka

The Plimsouls, One Night in America

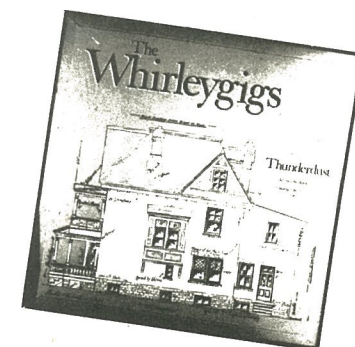
Culled from self-bootleggings during their heydayest times (1979-1981) this, so were told, is just the first instalment of the legendary (?) Plimsouls at their legendary (?) live best. I think the boat is still out on this band. There's definite power pop magnetism here, but I won't hurry home extra fast just to slap this on. Dunno why that is 'cause this album kicks, and gives a big hint to the groups' live prowess. The standards and covers mix nicely and Peter Case sounds just great. Maybe I'm just tired of live albums. (New Rose)

John Sekerka



The Hodads, La Routine, Quand Le Soleil
Getting this record is sort of anti-climactic for me. I mean I've been going to Hodads shows steadily for three years now and have received just about every demo tape they've ever done (one of few bands that pushes their product so it can be talked about). I have seen more than a couple incarnations of the band and have now seen the latest incarnation with three guitars in it and—What the hell do they do?—they release a twelve inch, two-sided piece of vinyl with only two goddam songs on it and with only two members of the band featured. After all this wait we only get two songs... but damn, they are good. Hmmm... these two songs have been highlights of their set for the past couple years. *La Routine* is the lone original and opens with an old workers song of some. It details the hardship of getting up every morning to get that paycheck. *Quand Le Soleil* is the more interesting of the two as it is an old Quebecois traditional song. Singer Sandra Jo Antonio's voice shines through as one of the best in the city. Production is fabulous and the music is great. But only two songs... it took me longer to write this review that it did to listen to the record. (Commotion Records, CP 477, Succursale Place Du Parc, Montreal, Quebec H2W 2N9)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell



The Whirleygigs, Thunderdust

Pure pop for Capital people. Ottawa's pop heroes get their second release out. Not as good as their initial EP but the liner notes are better. Every song has a quote attributed to it. The best is Emo Phillip's "I stand for nothing, I am a moral jellyfish." Two songs on the album (*Powderkeg* and *Captains of Industry*) mention two other songs in their respective first lines (*Rooster's Theme* and *Powderkeg*)—does this mean something? Is this a plot to invade Quebec or to destroy

Spanish or French trawlers off the coast of Newfoundland. The Whirleygigs have a bright future, but stick with that first EP, this one just doesn't cut it. (AMOK, PO Box 159, Toronto, Ontario)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Cure, Disintegration

I see where this album got its title. The music slowly seeps out of the speaker into your ears. Middle of the night self-depresso sludge. Not knowing the Cure too well, is this what they're always like? No hit singles here and the song *Lullaby* just ain't no lullaby. How much more depressed can an artist be—especially when the songwriter is probably worth millions. Not for fans of Dance Music. (WEA)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

The President, Bring Yr Camera

Opening noises on album are keyboard banging. Not very exciting so far. Rest of the album shapes up as a Bluesy/Fusion Jazz piece of crap. They do at one point rock out on *Ride the Wide Streets* but, hey, these guys are probably all accomplished musicians. One name is familiar in the bunch—Elliot Sharp. Fill me in, who is he? The most interesting part about the album is the cover. To me it looks like a guy in a goalie mask staring at 6 45's and one frisbee on a radar screen while a giant eyeball peers on. Get it? (WEA)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell



Strange Nursery, Strange Nursery

Strange album. A couple guys in Toronto with studio time and too many ideas. They use every technique and musical instrument to annoy or please us. I just can't decide which. As the album goes the music gets more serious but it all falls apart at the end when the last two songs just explode in a fury of silliness (now where did that come from). (Beam 103, 155 Liberty St., Suite B103, Toronto, Ontario M6K 3G3)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell



Courage Of Lassie, Sing or Die

The Cowboy Junkies have had their influence. Now that they are in vogue and are pleasing people south of the border, other similar bands are getting signed. I think this is one example of that phenomenon. *Courage of Lassie* should go over just as well. Their music has more variety than the Junkies and their lyrics are better. More originals are needed though as they picked covers from *Creedence Clearwater Revival* (where the singer comes across as a bad Dylan impersonator), *Conway Twitty* and *Sonny Bono* as well as a couple traditionals and one unknown origin song. The other four are originals and are some of the better songs on the album. (AMOK, PO BOX 159,

for cassettes only

Toronto, Ontario

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Jo-el Sonnier, *Cajun Life*

The most exciting album of the month (*Yeah, right. And I wonder why we have no credibility—ed.*). This is traditional cajun accordion and fiddle music with more honest energy and dance/party value than 90 per cent of mainstream or alternative music around these days. Un-polluted by pop influences, this music retains its Acadian roots and infectious rhythms and melodies. In other words, it kicks ass! Informative liner notes trace the history of Cajun music and tell us Jo-el has been playing since childhood and has been a sideman with such people as Lefty Frizzell and Johnny Cash. If you're at all interested in the recent Cajun/Zydeco revival (or hot party music) this here is the real thing (*Stoney Plains Records, Box 861, Edmonton, Alta T5J 2L8*).

Zippy

Zachary Richard, *Zack's Bon Ton*

Very spirited and authentic Zydeco/Cajun music from Louisiana. Authentic but not purist. Influences vary widely from French Acadian, swamp-boogie, pop to rock'n'roll. Some tunes really cook. The slower, piano-oriented ballads sound like early Elton John. Covers include *Battle of New Orleans* and *See You Later Alligator*. Good musician-ship but a little too watered down for mainstream consumption. (*Stoney Plains Records, Box 861 Edmonton, Alta T5J 2L8*).

Zippy

Philip Glass, *Thin Blue Line*

This movie soundtrack combines both the musical score from the film and the dialogue as well. When I saw the movie I thought, at times, the music seemed rather incongruous to some of the scenes and the content of the dialogue. Here on the record, with the music and dialogue separated by the visual element, the story line takes on a haunting atmosphere one would associate with this nightmarish tale. It also evokes an eeriness that enhances the Kafka-esque plight of the obviously innocent man who was originally convicted of the murder of the policeman. Listening to the record is a unique form of storytelling. It is also surprising how much tension, emotion and ambience can be created by this music which is deceptive in its simplicity. No wonder all these people are runnin' around saying Philip Glass is such a goddamn genius. (*WEA*)

Zippy



Weddings, Parties, Anything, *No Show Without Punch*

Here we have Irish-type drinking/sing-along music. This band sounds like a nice, clean-cut version of the Pogues. Much too mainstream oriented for my tastes but there are a couple of good tunes off this 7-song mini-album. Some good accordion playing and acoustic guitars also. In general it's too polished and safe for my liking. (*WEA Records*).

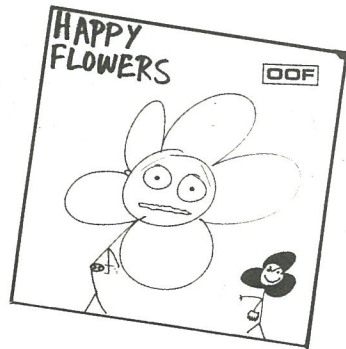
Zippy

Honor Role, *Rictus*

This is a semi-post-neo-something-or-other music to bleed to death by. Kinda like a hardcore version of the Violent Femmes. Slow, dirge-like, quirky, funerary, quaa-lude montony with lively outbursts here and there. Most amazing is the grinding, mi-

grane-inducing, agonizing guitar that snakes and weaves it's way through each song, drilling and penetrating the skull like millions of tiny electric parasites with teeth. I like some of the songs a lot, others just drone on too depressingly for a fun-loving guy like myself. (*Homestead Records, P.O.Box 800, Rockville centre, NY 11571-0800*).

Zippy



Happy Flowers, *OOF*

The most distinguishing factor about this record is that it's probably the most ridiculous "album" I've ever heard. There are 14 tracks on the record, only one or two of which can be classified as songs. Basically it's two idiots making as much noise as they can on several musical instruments and screaming nonsense as loud as they can over the cacophony. Conceptually speaking, I suppose they manage to destroy the traditional notion of a song, but that's nothing that hasn't been done before much more interestingly. What it comes down to is that this record is a pretentious and boring pile of shit. To think that there are people starving in this world while others have money to produce this garbage. (*Homestead Records, P.O.Box 800, Rockville Center, NY 11571-0800*)

Zippy

Two Saints, *In Nomine Solis*

Boston has produced so many great bands in the past one wonders why they now have to look to California for inspiration. Two Saints are the East Coast's answer to Guns & Roses. One song especially called *Hanging On A Line* sounds so close to G 'N' R that I thought my turntable switch had been knocked over to FM. Without reading the liner notes, you find out they're from Boston before the first song on side two when you hear someone say the word "muther-fuckaw". Best track is their cover of Hank Williams' *Long Gone Daddy*. (*Beautiful Sounds, PO Box 1863, Brookline, MA 02146*)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Gibson Brothers, *Dedicated Fool*

This is demented country/rockabilly similar to Tav Falco, (but not as good). Both a tribute and satire of country roots music. For the most part, I like the playing which is fun at times but predictable and boring on occasion. My fave tune on the album is a cover of Alice Cooper's *Caught in a Dream*. I'm sure fans of grunge-rock or sludge-ably will think this record is fantastic. I say mediocre. (*Homestead Records, P.O.Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800*).

Zippy



Earth Girls Are Easy

Why is a mainstream album like this being

reviewed in a magazine like this? Answer: Because they sent it to us for free. In any case I won't waste too much space doing so. This album is, as they say, "strictly from commercial" (*I hope nobody says that, it doesn't make any sense—ed.*), but it's tacky and fun, just like the movie. Depeche Mode does an okay version of *Route 66*. Jesus and Mary Chain aren't bad, covering the Bo Diddley tune *Who Do You Love?* B-52's are typically boppy on *Shake That Cosmic Thing*. Julie Brown, who stars in the movie, also sings a couple of uptempo dumb'n'trasy but dance-able numbers *Brand New Girl* and *Cause I'm A Blonde*. Disposable 80's pop redeemed only by the fact that that's all it was meant to be. I hope. (*Sire Records*).

Zippy

Band of Susans, *Love Agenda*

The latest offering from NYC's Band of Susan offers an obvious progression of style since they've been signed to Blast First. The "wall of sound" is still there, better than before. But sometimes, the songs don't quite live up to the heavy symbolic titles, one in particular is *Tourniquet*—it could've been a lot stronger. I do like *Birthmark*, and the promo 12" has a killer version of the Stones' *Child of the Moon*. (*Blast First/Restless, Culver City, California 90231-3628*).

Lorrie

The Tin Machine, *The Tin Machine*

Once upon a time there was a band called Bauhaus whom the evil critics despised. The evil critics, who were not cool, said that Bauhaus were nothing more than a cheap cover of Daavid Bowie, the Thin White Duke. Now many years later after a couple of embarrassingly bad LPs and an even sillier tour the Duke in need of a new start. So he formed a band that sounded remarkably like...Bauhaus. All the ingredients are here; distorted high treble, screaming guitars, booming drums and a big black gothic sound with big black gothic lyrics to match. The big difference is that while Bauhaus always sounded dazed, confused and generally fucked up. Bowie is always cool and collected. That's because Bowie is a shrewd actor who plays at being weird rather than someone who possessed true weirdness. This LP is blatantly plageristic and pretentious to boot. It's also the best thing he's done in a long long time. Irony isn't it?

David James

The Nevermen, *Monitor*

This group described themselves as a cross between U2 and Joy Division. This puts me in a quandry because as much as I love Joy Division, I hate U2 even more. It took me a while to get up the courage to listen to this group all the way through. There are indeed parts of this album that sound annoyingly like U2 while the Joy Division influence is largely lyrical, in fact the group that sprang to mind was early Simple Minds. The problem with all this of course is that the groups' own personality never really gets the chance to emerge. Still there's nothing really wrong with this LP, the band plays well, it's well produced and the sleeve looks good too. Some major lable might well sign them from this LP so let's hope that by then they've outgrown U2. Even better, let's hope everyone does. (*Blind Eye Management, 33 Noble St, Toronto, Ont.*).

David James

I hate summer, it's so damn bright. This month's exercise in lame brain wit was especially humourless and futile. Geek #1, Peter Stephani, was conspicuously absent for most of the reviewing procedures, giving days off as an implausible excuse. The wimp, Patrick D'Arby, was given the proverbial door, so he's gone from this page forever. Which leaves the Queen of Disco-Alain Leblanc, Bobo Brain-Luc bousquet an myself-Emma as the sole critics of all this lovely music. The last three cassette reviews were done by someone other than ourselves. (P.S.M.) stands for P.S. Malboro.

The Deranged are the first up. It always becomes evident when someone doesn't like this brand of speed metal music. Dodo quickly gave it a thumbs down and turned away. The Queen of Disco on the other hand couldn't prevent himself from slobbering all over this tape. His least complementary statements were, "Everything looks promising, the lyrics are appropriately depressing. Music wise—no problem, excellent!" The comments escalated to, "I predict they'll be the next Anthrax. A credit to thrashing." Its enough to make a grown person puke. (ET) (AL)

Portable Ebnic Taxi is one of those bands whose tape has been bopping around for a while but finally made it into this poor excuse for entertainment, our cassette column. P.E.T. plays fun, energetic pop music with a light sprinkle of ska rhythms thrown in the mix (gosh that was corny). The Queen of Disco likes the bass and thinks they sound like early Police. (But please, no solo projects). Dodo just tends to sniff a lot, I'm not sure if that's good or bad. I guess it's up for interpretation. (ET) (AL) (LB)

Broken Smile is one of those bands that play slow, '70s tinged metal, that put simply, irritates me. So not to seem completely heartless, although I am, I left this one up to the Queen of Disco. Take it away sugar: "There are some interesting ideas musically and production wise. Definitely a throw back to early '70s hard rock. They sound a lot like early Black Sabbath. The problem is that even if Ozzy couldn't sing, there was something to his voice and style. Unfortunately this frontman doesn't have anything except maybe a similar coke habit. Hats off to the rest of the band, especially the guitarist, even if the slow grinding Sabbath sound is long gone. Speed it up boys, even I'm has." The rest of us kind of shrug and leave it up to the expert who seems to understand these things. (ET) (AL) (LB) 4068 Clark, Montreal, Quebec H2W 1W9. (514) 286-4417.

And once again, I have to hand things over to my favorite disco bunny, Alain, for a review of this speed-whatchamacallit stuff from a band named Meat Wagon. As you have all gathered by now, I hate this stuff so it's only far that I stay out of it as much as possible. But dammit guys, get a life. Onwards. The Queen of Disco claims this band has a future if they make these two important changes, "Get a new name and secondly, move to L.A., that's the place for your sound dudes". He goes on to say, "Thumbs up to the Heat Theme. But it's too bad you Drink 50." Ain't he just the funniest. Bobo Brain, whom we've heard very little from ends the evening off gracefully by spitting on the ground. (ET) (AL) (LB) Meat Wagon, 10 Eastern Ave., Toronto, Ont M5A 1H4.

Like I said, Tippy A-Go Go is my favorite hippie-shaman-mystic folk singer. He's a Pepsi Generation throwback to the cosmic, wandering minstrel school of songwriters like Donovan, and the late, brilliant, Tim Buckley, with the odd protest lyric thrown in for good karmic consciousness. Being an inveterate Stooges idolater, I don't listen to very much folk music, but Tippy has such a great wistful falsetto that he could probably write a song like "Ode To My Favorite Woodchuck", and get away with it. The first side consists of a few weirder numbers like "1/2 Witch" that are full of Tippy using his voice as a percussion instrument and marimba section, although not in the vein of say E.J. Brule, who can sometimes sound like a long syncopeated fart, but more in a tribal rhythmic style. Side 2 gets into more of the macrobiotic folk school, although his songs are far more convincing and spirit-haunted than any of the Tracy Chapmanesque dullards. Live Tippy comes on like a manic witchdoctor, and these taped versions retain some of his on stage sorcery. Thanks man. And how many times can you re-listen to *Raw Power* anyways. Come on, send the guy four bucks or so.

Tippy A-Go Go, #4, 1965 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, Canada. V5N 4A8

Roots Roundup. It's really a drag that when these guys gave me their tape their set was already over, preferring the live experience before the studio versions. On listening to the tape (around six in the morning-no less) I got an intense desire to move my body in ways previously not thought possible. I Suddenly realized that I was on a subway and surrounded by Toronto's working class on their way to the machines of human labour. These people might actually get into this, I thought to myself. World beat man, but not that generic yuppie shit. You can't help but groove on this Mo Fo. They even have a Talking Drum. Dig. (P.S.M) Box 111, 810 W. Broadway Ave. Vancouver B.C. V5Z4C9

Suffer Machine, *Heaven In The Strangest Places*. This tape is with the old line-up, but you wouldn't know that by the slick, dare say, commercial sounding production c/o John Switzer (dude worked with Siberry). Having seen This band in their most formulative years it's really disheartening to find this apparent change in direction. The most beautiful thing about this band was their innocence. It seems that lack of attention at the right time has caused experience to take hold. I only hope it isn't their neck it has grabbed onto. Advice? Back to basics, someone will listen, Promise. Still listening. (P.S.M.)

Thursday, June 1
Albert's Hall: CIUT Presents from Detroit the Butler Twins.
Bamboo: Sonny Okosuns.
Cabana: Zoo Story and Jaag.
Cameron: Love Among Savages.
Clinton's: Rumble on The Beach.
Entex: Hypnotist Mike Mandel, 000000 scary kids.
Horseshoe: Mad About Plaid.
Lee's: Human Interest with the Dashing Hounds.
Marquee: Mark James Fortin with Freshwater Drum.
Rivoli: The Experimental Film Congress, Free Admission.
Siboney: Enjoy, Paul Meyers Band and Victims of Luxury.
Slither: The Contest with House of Knives.

Friday, June 2
Albert's Hall: CIUT Presents from Detroit the Butler Twins.
Apocalypse: Montreal's Asexuals are playing with the Zulus, a really great Boston Band from way back who have just released a record on Slash produced by that studio slut Bob Mould. Be there or be hairy.
Bamboo: Sonny Okosuns.
Cabana: Chris Lomax Band with Tongue 'n' Groove.
Cameron: Howard and the Half-Tones.
Clinton's: Ray Condo and His Hard-Rock Goners.
Diamond: Soca Legend, Island recording artist Arrow.
Entex: Cleveland.
Horseshoe: Hopping Penguins.
Lee's: Jack Dekeyzer.
Marquee: Mark James Fortin with Freshwater Drum.
Rivoli: The Experimental Film Congress, Free Admission.
Siboney: SummerFest part 1 The Underground, The Blame and Two Hands.
Slither: Impluse Manslaughter with Stickman.

Saturday, June 3
Albert's Hall: CIUT Presents from Detroit the Butler Twins.
Apocalypse: What Wave, that totally cool garage mag, benefit (what a great idea) with UIC, Shark Graffiti, and much, much more. Fun! Wow!
Bamboo: Sonny Okosuns.
Cabana: Absolute Whores and Steady State.
Cameron: Utterly Sputter.
Clinton's: Ray Condo and His Hard-Rock Goners.
Entex: Rumble Seat.
Horseshoe: Hopping Penguins.
Lee's: Images in Vogue.
Marquee: Mark James Fortin with Freshwater Drum.
Rivoli: The Experimental Film Congress, Free Admission. At 9pm Varoshi Fame with Violence and the Sacred and The Celtic Gales.
Siboney: Grievous Angels and High Lonesome.
Slither: Third Man In with Scott B Sympathy.

Sunday, June 4
Clinton's: Benefit for the Musicians in Distress Foundation.
Lee's: Rock Jam with the Ground.
Siboney: All-ages with Groovy Religion, The Ground and from Montreal Huge Groove Experience.

Monday, June 5
Albert's Hall: From Buffalo Alligator recording artist Lucky Peterson.
Bamboo: The Walsh Underhill Duo with Not King Fudge, a totally heavy jazz group that should be seen, esp. by Victoriaville goers.
Cabana: May B. Happening with special guests Anne Gillen and Grant Edmonds.
Cameron: Myles Roberts Trio.
Clinton's: Lance Bennett.
Diamond: The Bourbon Tabernacle Choir with Love Among Savages.
Horseshoe: Mondo Combo.
Lee's: Bliober and the Rat Crushers.
Rivoli: Canadian Light Brigade Benefit, Bringing light to Nicaraguan Schools. Film showing: The Eye of the Mask, Admission by Donation.
Siboney: The Gary's present New Model Army with Jellyfishbabies.
Slither: Frank and Frank, and a whole lot more.

Tuesday, June 6
Albert's Hall: From Buffalo Alligator recording artist Lucky Peterson.
Bamboo: Jah Cuttah.
Cabana: Greg Hawkin and the Stick people.
Cameron: David Blamires.
Clinton's: David Ramsden and the Consequences w/ Barbara Lynch.
Diamond: Island Recording Artist Andrew Cash, celebrates the release of Boomtown, his new record, with The Skydiggers.

Horseshoe: Flying Bulger Klezmer Band with Belle Vistas.
Lee's: Dizzy Marroon with Touch of Redemption.
Rivoli: Paul Meyers with Blair Martin and the Urban Outriders and The Hacks.
Siboney: Frost in June, Laughing Apples and Cold Heat.

Wednesday, June 7
Albert's Hall: From Buffalo Alligator recording artist Lucky Peterson.
Bamboo: Jah Cuttah.
Cabana: Andrew O'Rourke and the Current Ensemble.
Cameron: The Garbagemen.
Clinton's: Robbie Rox and the Power Quartet featuring Vito Rezza.
Lee's: The Hang, Kevin Joltimore and The Crush.
Marquee: Crawling Kingsnakes.
Rivoli: Duke Street recording artists Don Ross.
Siboney: Subject 2 Change, Squidhead and Rawhead Rex.

Thursday, June 8
Albert's Hall: From Buffalo Alligator recording artist Lucky Peterson.
Bamboo: Joe King Carrasco.
Cabana: Solid Foundation and The D.V.P. Band.
Cameron: Love Among Savages.
Clinton's: Native Spirit.
Entex: Pre-Concert Bash with The Wholigans.
Horseshoe: The Kings with the Fatales.
Lee's: Joanne MacKell.
Marquee: From Buffalo Pine Dogs with Tennessee Rockets.
Rivoli: Swampbabies.
Siboney: Indigo Blue, The Makers and Alan R. and the Shot.
Slither: Country Kitschin' and The Crush.

Friday, June 9
Albert's Hall: From Buffalo, Alligator recording artist Lucky Peterson.

Lee's: The Touchstones.
Rivoli: Change of Heart with Crash Vegas.
Siboney: From Washington Scream with Sudden Impact.
Slither: Rocktapus with Hagood's Blue House.

Sunday, June 11
Clinton's: Micah Barnes Quartet.
Lee's: Rock Jam with the Ground.
Rivoli: All Ages Matinee NomeansNo with guests Superfly (formerly NoM-ind) Doors open at 6:30. \$7 advance, \$9 at door.
Siboney: All Ages with Beyond, Overthrow and Serenity.

Monday, June 12
Albert's Hall: CKLN Presents, from California the Chris Cain Band.
Bamboo: Ramiro's 14 piece Latin Orchestra.
Cabana: May B. Happening with special guests Grant Edmonds & Greg Batty.
Cameron: Myles Roberts Trio.
Clinton's: The Fringe.
Entex: Closed Circuit Boxing, Hearnies and Leonard bash each others heads in for a whole heap of cash. Don't miss the fun.
Horseshoe: Mondo Combo.
Lee's: Jason Fowler, Picture Saints and Opera Blue.
Slither: Who Knows Who and Guests.

Tuesday, June 13
Albert's Hall: CKLN Presents, from California the Chris Cain Band.
Bamboo: Fantasia, 12 piece salsa band.
Cabana: Slippery When Wet with Greg Hawkin and the Stick People.
Cameron: Barbara Lynch.
Clinton's: Leslie Spit Tree-O with Lost and Profound.
Diamond: Judy Mowatt (ex member of Bob Marley group) with Swinging Relatives.
Horseshoe: The Skydiggers.

Lee's: Freshwater Drum, Bory Grove and As If.
Marquee: Alex Anthony, Featuring one hot bass player, I'm told.
Rivoli: The Gary's Present Enigma recording artists Plan 9 with guests Black Betty.
Siboney: The Corndogs cassette release Party.
Slither: Bessarian Parquette with Phleg Camp.

Friday, June 16
Albert's Hall: CKLN Presents, from California the Chris Cain Band.
Apocalypse: Touch n Go recording artists Die Kreuzen with Pure and Missing Link, both of which I know nothing about but sound really familiar, I think Missing Link are supposed to be really heavy.
Bamboo: Banda Brava.
Cabana: All the Rage, The Press and the Greivous Angels.
Cameron: Suns of One.
Clinton's: Melwood Cutlery.
Entex: Brighton Rock.
Horseshoe: From Austin Texas, home of Scratch Acid, Marcia Ball.
Lee's: The Phantoms.
Marquee: UIC, Still kickin' out the jams.
Rivoli: Pig Farm with The Jellyfishbabies and High Yellow.
Siboney: Summerfest part 2 with Nine-mile House, Human Interest and Joan Meets Elvis (formerly Ward's Island).
Slither: Drums Along the Gardiner and The Wammee.

Saturday, June 17
Albert's Hall: CKLN Presents, from California the Chris Cain Band.
Apocalypse: Mega Metal Lords DBC with Groovy Aardvark and The Affected.
Bamboo: Banda Brava.
Cameron: The Nancy Sinatras.
Clinton's: Melwood Cutlery.
Entex: 21 Guns.
Lee's: The Phantoms.

Clinton's: Jack Dekeyzer.
Diamond: Boy-Oh-Boy. I've been waiting for this one for a while, Robyn Hitchcock and the Egyptians. Mr Hitchcock will have as his guests Poi-dog Pondering, a really great acoustic roots band.
Horseshoe: BMG recording artists Breit Bros.
Lee's: Johnny Onslaught, The Remains and April Storm.
Siboney: The Heretics record release party with Skinny Muscles.
Slither: The Munday Nuns with Wigglepig.

Friday, June 23
Albert's Hall: From Nova Scotia, Kings of Canadian Blues Dutch Mason Blues Band.
Bamboo: Reggae All-Stars.
Cabana: Slippery When Wet with Greg Hawkin and the Stick People.
Cameron: Barbara Lynch.
Clinton's: Brian Hughes Group.
Horseshoe: The Teardrops.

Wet Spots and Sinister Dude Ranch.
Siboney: From Rhode Island Verbal Assault, From New York Uniform Choice and from Texas Fearless Iranians from Hell.
Slither: A Date with Judy with Raw King Alligators.

Sunday, June 25
Clinton's: Steve Clark Quartet.
Diamond: Frankie Paul and Livestock.
Lee's: Rock Jam with the Ground.

Monday, June 26
Albert's Hall: From Nova Scotia, Kings of Canadian Blues Dutch Mason Blues Band.
Bamboo: Today begins the Toronto Jazz Festival. Here we have The Paul Motian Trio featuring Charlie Haden and Gerri Allen with guests the David Mott Quartet.
Cabana: The Abrasives.
Cameron: Sharon McLeod.
Clinton's: Suzie and the Revells.
Diamond: Harry Connick Jr.
Horseshoe: Jazz Festival Presents from New Orleans Terrace Simien and the Mallet Playboys.
Lee's: Missing Link, The Fringe and Victims of Luxury.
Slither: Union Tractor Pull, They finally got a name they can keep, I hope.

Tuesday, June 27
Albert's Hall: From Nova Scotia, Kings of Canadian Blues Dutch Mason Blues Band.
Cabana: Slippery When Wet with The Cross.
Cameron: Barbara Lynch.
Clinton's: The Dillons.
Diamond: Alana Myles.
Horseshoe: Toronto Jazz Fest Presents from Chicago, Alligator recording artist Big Daddy Kinsey and the Kinsey Report.
Lee's: Skinny Muscles, Change of Seasons and Frost in June.
Siboney: Leslie Spit Tree-O with Lost and Profound.
Slither: Lasting Impression.

Wednesday, June 28
Albert's Hall: From Nova Scotia, Kings of Canadian Blues Dutch Mason Blues Band.
Bamboo: James Lumer with NOMA.
Cabana: Andrew O'Rourke and the Current Ensemble.
Cameron: The Garbagemen.
Clinton's: Robbie Rox and the Power Quartet featuring Vito Rezza.
Horseshoe: Toronto Jazz Fest Presents from Chicago, Alligator recording artist Big Daddy Kinsey and the Kinsey Report.
Lee's: All the Rage, Suburban Circus and Strategy.
Siboney: The Hang.
Slither: Boogie Goodbody.

Thursday, June 29
Albert's Hall: From Nova Scotia, Kings of Canadian Blues Dutch Mason Blues Band, and downstairs a benefit for Reverend Ken's Poster Defense, 3 dollar cover with all-star line-up including The Shuffle Demons, Love Among Savages, Curtis Dreidger, Rev. Ken and his Lost Followers and more.
Apocalypse: Die Screaming and Shlonk.
Bamboo: The Peter Erskine Band with Crowd Control.
Cabana: Special Night with Shiela Gostick.
Cameron: Love Among Savages.
Diamond: The Razorbacks.
Horseshoe: Otis Blackwell with Big Sugar.

Lee's: Elliott Lefko presents from England, Men They Couldn't Hang.
Siboney: Garage Days Revisited with 5 bands.
Slither: Poverty of Thought with Broken Tables.

Friday, June 30
Albert's Hall: From Nova Scotia, Kings of Canadian Blues Dutch Mason Blues Band.
Apocalypse: From Philadelphia, and probably the only band that still plays rock 'n' roll the way I like it, drunk and stupid, Electric Love Muffin. Bring your own Deep Purple lyric sheets.
Bamboo: The incomparable Oliver Lake, clearly one of the most important sax players of our time, with Whitenoise, back together for this special event.
Cabana: Canaries with a Bright Fur with The Jaag and Friends of the Night.
Cameron: 13 days.
Horseshoe: Otis Blackwell with Big Sugar.
Lee's: Screamin' Sam.
Slither: John Drake Escapes.

Toronto listings compiled by Phil Saunders and Lisa Ferguson.



NoMeansNo plays a matinee at the Rivoli on the 11th.
 PHOTO: Rob

Bamboo: Joe King Carrasco.
Cabana: Special Night with Shiela Gostick.
Cameron: From Montreal Condition.
Clinton's: Shuffle Demons.
Entex: The Original Goddo.
Horseshoe: The Razorbacks.
Lee's: Elliott Lefko and CKLN present SST recording artists the Volcano Surge with Touch n Go recording artists Urge Overkill.
Rivoli: Shark Graffiti with Suckerpunch and Meat Wagon.
Siboney: The Phantoms.
Slither: Raunch House.

Saturday, June 10
Albert's Hall: From Buffalo Alligator recording artist Lucky Peterson.
Apocalypse: Alright!!! from Washington or Boston or some place like that, Scream with guests Sudden Impact, I guess they found a singer, and those crazy anti-americans Guilt Parade.
Bamboo: Joe King Carrasco.
Cabana: Sun's of One with The Mudville Nine.
Cameron: The Nancy Sinatras.
Clinton's: Shuffle Demons.
Entex: The Original Teenage Head featuring Frankie Venom.
Horseshoe: The Razorbacks.

Lee's: Humphrey Go-Cart, The Parade and Slick Kitty.
Siboney: Sea Elephants, The Temple and Sweatfish and the Architects of Rhythm.
Slither: Yoko Oh No.

Wednesday, June 14
Albert's Hall: CKLN Presents, from California the Chris Cain Band.
Bamboo: Z-Bop.
Cabana: Andrew O'Rourke and the Current Ensemble.
Cameron: The Garbagemen.
Clinton's: Robbie Rox and the Power Quartet featuring Vito Rezza.
Lee's: The Wammee, The Hacks and The Ground.
Siboney: Hiek and the Shakes, Fuzzcore and Baby Judas.
Slither: Last Classes Lost Glasses.

Thursday, June 15
Albert's Hall: CKLN Presents, from California the Chris Cain Band.
Bamboo: La Buena Gente, which means the good people, I think.
Cabana: Special Night with Shiela Gostick.
Cameron: Love Among Savages.
Clinton's: Melwood Cutlery.
Diamond: Frankie Paul and Livestock.

Marquee: Plasterscene Replicas, featuring the latest drummer, one Mike Duggin, ex-Lawn.
Siboney: Bourbon Tabernacle Choir with Paul Dakota.
Slither: Good-bye Ian Party featuring Jijks, Bob Snider, and Death and Taxe.

Sunday, June 18
Clinton's: Sharon McLeod Quartet.
Lee's: Rock Jam with the Ground.
Rivoli: An early evening of Industrial Video starting at 7pm. Video footage of your favorite Pranks people including Boyd Rice, Mark Pauline, Karen Findlay and more, much more.

Monday, June 19
Albert's Hall: From Nova Scotia, Kings of Canadian Blues Dutch Mason Blues Band.
Bamboo: Vito Rezza and Five After Four, probably Jazz.
Cabana: May B. Happening with special guests.
Cameron: Graeme Kirkland and the Wolves.
Clinton's: Lynn MacDonald.
Diamond: The Mac, The Only, The Roches.
Horseshoe: Mondo Combo.
Lee's: I.T., Wierdstone and Last Re-

Lee's: Signature, Donkey and Jack Secret.
Rivoli: The Ground's Rock'n'Roll Circus and Battle of the Network Stars.
Siboney: Tim White Band.

Wednesday, June 21
Albert's Hall: From Nova Scotia, Kings of Canadian Blues Dutch Mason Blues Band.
Cabana: Andrew O'Rourke and the Current Ensemble.
Cameron: The Garbagemen.
Clinton's: Robbie Rox and the Power Quartet featuring Vito Rezza.
Horseshoe: David Ramsden and the Consequences.
Lee's: Glory Chain, Gilligan's Eyelid and No Comment.
Rivoli: The Ground's Rock'n'Roll Circus and Battle of the Network Stars.
Siboney: Strange Heros and Clayton's.
Slither: Oh No, It's Shawn.

Thursday, June 22
Albert's Hall: From Nova Scotia, Kings of Canadian Blues Dutch Mason Blues Band.
Bamboo: Bop Harvey.
Cabana: Special Night with Shiela Gostick.
Cameron: Love Among Savages.

Albert's Hall: From Nova Scotia, Kings of Canadian Blues Dutch Mason Blues Band.
Apocalypse: Verbal Assault with Uniform Choice, Shoulder pads available at the door.
Bamboo: Bop Harvey.
Cabana: The Fatales with Healthy Libido and Supreme Bagg Team, Dude!!!
Cameron: Possibly The Soda Jerks.
Clinton's: Jack Dekeyzer.
Entex: Under a Blood Red Sky, You guessed it, a Doors/Dylan cover band, U2 for short.
Horseshoe: Bourbon Tabernacle Choir.
Siboney: Dead Heads Unite with The Corners and Automatic Slim.
Slither: Blank Crowd with Pure.

Saturday, June 24
Albert's Hall: From Nova Scotia, Kings of Canadian Blues Dutch Mason Blues Band.
Bamboo: Bop Harvey.
Cameron: The Nancy Sinatras.
Clinton's: Jack Dekeyzer.
Entex: L.A.
Horseshoe: Bourbon Tabernacle Choir.
Lee's: 13 Engines.
Rivoli: The Dik Van Dykes with The



KILLING JOKE

RearGarde: It's funny, the image you have, it's very obscure, you know? Like people know what Killing Joke is, but nobody seems to know who it is—there's no star personality...

Jaz: When we first put the advert to get the other musicians in 1978-79, the advert said: "Want to be part of the Killing Joke? Total publicity, total exploitation, and total anonymity." One of the reasons why for those ten years I wore paint or charcoal on my face is because I want to assume the identity of the sound, not my ego. I find the paint... first of all, it alters my attitude and the way I think towards the stage: something else comes out of me. Secondly, it gives me anonymity; thirdly, I have the face of the sound, not of myself. That is why I feel that while we don't one hundred percent achieve total anonymity, when it comes to music we do, because essentially, it is the music that we all play and I see Killing Joke as a separate entity, as a sound... The musicians here we serve the sound, we fuel it, we ignite it... The musicians are almost incidental in that way...

RearGarde: Do you want to reach larger audiences? Are you happy with

and had one and a half, two thousand people there. Before, we were playing tiny clubs, you know?

RearGarde: Why did you play in such a small club in Montreal?

Jaz: We never played here before, ever.

RearGarde: Why not?

Jaz: Because they booked us in Vancouver and Toronto. They offer you the show, you know, and the most money, and... what you can fit into the other dates you do. If you wanna try to set up a tour you'll understand these things—there's a lot of things to take into consideration: Clubs are good, I enjoy clubs, but I prefer a big stage cos I think that we perform better on a big stage and we have more room to move around. And the sound is not so dense, it's easier to hear what you're doing. When we have all our gear on a tiny stage, it stops you, it makes you think, and thinking is the worst thing when you play. The greatest concerts for me with Killing Joke, I walk on stage and I walk off and it's just like a beautiful oil painting. In

Jaz: I try to forget everything. Before I go on stage, I change the way I think.

RearGarde: Is there an image you could use to explain, for example to your musicians, how you want a song to be and to feel?

Jaz: Of course! In Killing Joke, I hear a band as a potential to epitomize the atomic age. When I hear Killing Joke I hear fiery choirs of noise, I hear obscure rhythms, different rhythms, I see brutal images of the future—fifty years, a hundred years, two hundred years, five hundred years, I don't know—ahead. I get glimpses of human beings or homosapiens in a different form, non-conscious

more pre-literate... discussion is obsolete... I see a civilisation that doesn't ask the question 'why?', it just lives, it just acts, it functions on a completely different basis to how we are now—the rationalist, intellectual civilisation that we live in now. I believe that we will evolve to states of absolute spontaneity in motion, in the future, but we do not understand this now. In Killing Joke, it grants me glimpses of this

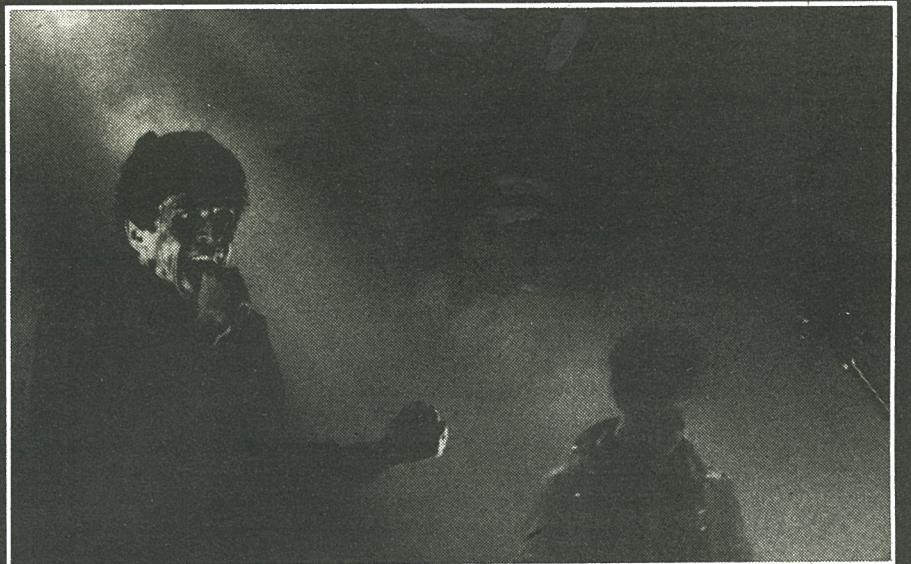
world, in the future. I write about this a lot; I have a book that comes out in two months of time, that I spent about five years writing, and I talk about this a lot.

you're
very
calculating
or even conscious
on stage...

RearGarde: Could you ever play without that particular heavy rhythm section? I was expecting the band to have gotten tamed, like it is the case for a lot of bands of that generation...

Jaz: I think drums have always been the integral part of Killing Joke, almost a ritualistic aspect of the group. Drums are important; there's only ever been two drummers that can really cope with it and that was our first drummer and Martin—we met Martin ten years ago. The drums, to me, it isn't exactly the beat of the drums, it's the spaces in between each beat that I focus my consciousness on. And the drums have the ability to raise our consciousness, to help us forget... the drums are the one instrument that is totally anti-intellectual, the complete antithesis of the intellectual: This is

ances, I like to have the option. I wanna play along side the U2's and all these people and I wanna tumble their faces in the dirt... I want to be the antithesis of these groups, I want to make them seem ridiculous, hollow, and christian. I want people to see them for what they are. We've got something to shout about in Killing Joke—not an ideal, not something written down like a manifesto, we have a feeling, we have a guts instinctive feeling that I believe as relevant in this age of anxiety... no relevance you can put your finger on, but a feeling, that's all. It's a feeling that I know people are drawn towards like moths to a lamp. I believe that as this planet, in the last decade, before the upheaval which we're approaching now, as the place gets crazier, as the earth begins to regurgitate from all the poison pumped into her, as the face of the earth begins to change, as the ecology changes, and people become more anxious and searching about the future, then the significance of Killing Joke will become apparent. I believe, as a group, as just music and musicians, I believe it



the audience you're reaching now?

Jaz: Well, I think... like I said we did two nights in Los Angeles and we played to two thousand people each night, we played Toronto last night

between, I remember nothing—all I remember is the songs all become one and I just feel all kinds of energy and there's no analysis of it.

RearGarde: Yeah, you don't look like

what they represent to me. When I hear them with the fire from Jordy's guitar, this is the band that I love.

RearGarde: So you would be bringing the articulate side and the drums to a more primal level?

Jaz: When you say primal, you automatically have associations of the past, but I don't, I have associations of the future. There's something dignified in that. Now you have all these groups like Front 242, and they use complete electronic rhythm section. I like effort, and I like sweat, and I like imperfection and I like building an energy up and up up up up and then release the energy. You can never do this with a machine. We are fundamentalists with our music. The music is a necessity for us. After I play with Killing Joke, I feel very tranquil, very calm inside me and by nature of myself, I'm not a very calm person... I can be the complete opposite. I find it has a beneficial effect on me, so I'll continue to do this and I want to attain the highest standard with our music, so I do want to go onto big stages, yes I do! I want to play unusual places, unusual ambi-

will.

RearGarde: Anything you want to add? How did you like the audience in Montreal?

Jaz: I thought they were great, actually, they were patient because the P.A. kept cutting out...

RearGarde: For a while I thought it was on purpose, cos you know, P.I.L. used to do that kind of stuff, like intervention or something... Some kind of conceptual killing joke...

Jaz: No, not at all. I find it a real complete pain in the ass when that happens because it makes me come down, it makes me start thinking, and I hate thinking. But we won in the end, we pushed and pushed and...

RearGarde: You played a really long set...

Jaz: We build up again, as the energy drops, when that happens, we have to pull up again, and I enjoyed it, I think people will remember. I want to be back within the year. I wanna come back with an album—an album that we all feel passionately about, and just play it everywhere...

Interview conducted by Ch'Alice Camshaft.

**2071 Ste-Catherine W.
934-0484**



June 11

**Boys Next Door +
from Ottawa High Yellow**

June 15

**Captain Crunch
and Let's Do Lunch**

June 23-24

**Fainting In Coils
and guest bands**

June 29

**The Mommyheads (from NY)
with The Huge Groove Experience**

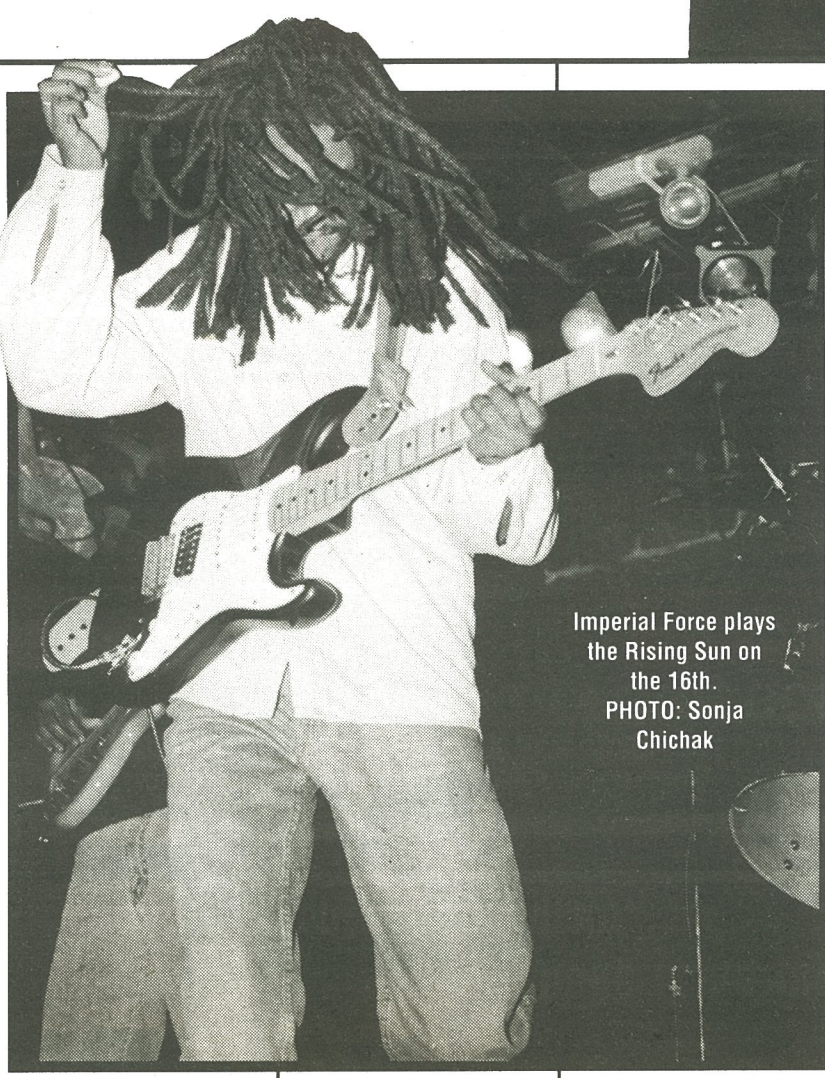
- 7. Bokonon
- 8. The Dysfunctions & Guest
- 9. The Promise
- 10. Green Deep
- 12. Battle of the Bands
- 13. Silent Scream
- 14. Pictures From Above
- 16. Rick Ruthless and the Almost Dangerous
- 17. The Creatures, Several Species & The Scrap
- 18. The Gong Show
- 19. Battle of the Bands
- 20. Still Smiling
- 21. Shadows at Dawn
- 22. The Stand with The Drones
- 25. The Good Time Band
- 26. Battle of the Bands
- 27. Ghost Riders
- 28. Jitterbug Swing
- 30. The Switch with The Elementals
- July 1. Mere Image & The Fact
- 3. Battle of the Bands
- 5. Jam Session with Rick James
- 6. High Rise
- 7. Portable Ethnic Taxi
- 8. J'son
- 9. The Source
- 10. Battle of the Bands
- 11. Amen
- 12. Jam Session with Rob MacDonald



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Imperial Force plays the Rising Sun on the 16th.
PHOTO: Sonja Chichak

Once and for all, we'd like to point out that Mr. Wonderful is really just some guy who wandered in off the street one day and wrote all these semi-fictional listings originally compiled by Claudia D'Amico. We would like to absolve ourselves of all responsibility for the following Work Of Art and, remember, when in doubt, phone the club.

Okay so here we go another episode in the continuing saga of Montreal's listings. Again last month there were few complaints and even fewer nasty letters (none). This month we'll see if we can do better with my opinionated compilation of what's up in Montreal. Included in the listing that follows will be a list of the top ten explosions to have ever happened, excluding wartime (this could be considered cheating). The information was culled (good word, eh?) from a book called The Great International Disaster Book compiled by James Cornell in 1979.

Thursday, June 1st
Montreal Forum: Julio Iglesias. Not much to say here. Tix are \$32.75 and down.
Peel Pub: The Medicine Men. Save me, save me.
Deja Vu: The Puritans.
Foufounes: Amnesia. I forgot what this is.
Rising Sun: Mango
Tycoon: Billy Shakespeare.
Station Ten: Legal Suit. I hear music is not their strong suit. They'll be holding court at Station Ten all night.

Friday, June 2nd
American Rock Cafe: The Bullitts. They're fired.
Forum: WWF Wrestling. Apparently they only had 2,400 in the Quebec Colisee for their last extravaganza. I guess the WWF won't be back there for awhile. To begin with the 10th worst explosion in history was in New London, Texas in 1937. 413 people died in the explosion which wiped out a school. All but one of the 92 member graduating class died in the explosion. The cause of the explosion was the school superintendent's decision to not pay \$250 a month for commercially refined gas, yet he hooked up a cheap gas line. This "raw" gas blew the joint up.
Pee Pub: The Medicine Men again.
Deja Vu: The Puritans.
Foufounes: Sons of the Desert and Seven Deadly Sins combine for an evening of high energy pop and just plain boredom.
Rising Sun: Jah Children featuring Judah and Super Dave. This can't be the same Super Dave as Super Dave Osbourne, could it?
Tycoon: Three bands tonight. Disfaction, High Yellow and Boot Sauce.
Station Ten: Playhouse and The Fact. Two bands I just don't know.

Saturday, June 3rd
American Rock Cafe: The Bullitts, what covers this week?
Forum: Bon Jovi. Emma thinks he has cute hair and says "he's not a fat, maybe." Who cares? He's got great eyes, oh, please Jon, come to me.
Peel Pub: The Medicine Men from somewhere.
Deja Vu: The Puritans.
Foufounes: Deja Voodoo and local legends come back to haunt us—Ultior Motive.
Rising Sun: Jah Children again with Judah and Super Dave Osbourne.
Tycoon: Mere Image, of what?
Station Ten: Sunday Night Comedy with the Hungry and the Stupid with guest band, The Enormous Radio. Except it's Saturday night.

Sunday, June 4th
American Rock Cafe: Five of Spades. I wonder what's in the cards for tonight.
Peel Pub: Medicine Men.
Deja Vu: Bowser & Blue come back to their own club. I wonder if it's hard for them to get a gig here, like if they have to have their booking agent phone the club and beg for shows and if they haggle over how much beer the band gets and if there's a guarantee. You know, that kind of stuff.
Foufounes: Benefit for Amnesty International. Three bands, 3/4 Putain, Idee Noire and Ils Iront au Firmament.
Rising Sun: Reggae Jamdown with Mango.
Tycoon: Corpuss, Ripcordz and Craig. Ripcordz are going to do a solo show with only Paul on acoustic guitar singing his favourites from over the years. The #9 worst explosion in history was in Cadiz, Spain in 1947 when there was an explosion at a naval torpedo and mine factory. 300 were killed and the blast wiped out the plant, factories, shipyards and a nearby orphanage.
Station Ten: The Baghdad Beats. Good

name.

Monday, June 5th
Peel Pub: Frank and the Foreplay. Is there reason to repeat this?
Deja Vu: Bowser & Blue.
Foufounes: Black Monday with cheap beer and body painting.
Rising Sun: Blure Monday Jam session with the Paradiso Blues Band. I was at the Paradiso in Amsterdam once. It used to be a church.
Station Ten: They return with their Battle of the Bands. Tonight it's Silent Scream, Autumn Walk, Wetbags and The Name. Do you remember when Station Ten was always free?

Tuesday, June 6th
Peel Pub: Frank & the Foreplay
Deja Vu: The Jimmydags
Foufounes: Top Ranking and Benta. OUTTA SHAPEA. HAHAAHAHAHA.....
Rising Sun: Nothing. I'm told.
Station Ten: Tiara. Huh?

Wednesday, June 7th
Peel Pub: Frank & the Foreplay.
Deja Vu: The Jimmydags.
Cafe Campus: Possession Simple. Sounds like Heavy Metal but they're probably not, so who knows.
Foufounes: New Model Army with Big Green Shelter. NMA is from England and BGS are from Montreal. You decide who to cheer for.
Rising Sun: Dance Hall Reggae with DJ Mellows. The #8 worst explosion was in Port Chicago, California when two ammunition ships collided at a bay near San Francisco. It killed 322 people and hurt some more.
Station Ten: Bokonan. Ya whatever. (it's probably Bokomaru doing Joe Bocan covers—ed.)

Thursday, June 8th
Peel Pub: Frank & the Foreplay.
Deja Vu: The Jimmydags.
Foufounes: The Volcano Suns, Rise and Nimrod. The VS's I've seen but I can't remember what they were like. I think I liked them. The rest I just don't know.
Rising Sun: Mango. Solo?
Tycoon: Jitterbug Swing. Interesting name, must be Hardcore.
Station Ten: The Dysfunctions and some guest. No idea who at the moment. Any guesses?

Friday, June 9th
American Rock Cafe: Lost Quarter. Well, look in better light you dopes. By the way the #7 worst explosion was in Bari, Italy in 1945 when an American liberty ship (whatever that is) loaded with aerial bombs exploded and killed 360 people, it also injured 1730 others.
Peel Pub: Frank & the Foreplay.
Spectrum: Iced-T. Rap gone wild.
Deja Vu: The Jimmydags.
Foufounes: Scream and Bliss. No, Ewan is not in Bliss. Jenny Ross just can't get her facts straight. If you don't know it, then don't print it... got that Jenny. I mean I never write anything that's false or misleading. (except for that last sentence—ed.)
Rising Sun: JR Express. Have they ever played JR's? I know they have played a Sunday in the Park, which was nearby.
Tycoon: Weather Permitting. Permitting what?
Station Ten: The Promise. Not to play? Have you noticed in the new Madonna video how many times Miss Ciccone grabs her crotch.

Saturday, June 10th
American Rock Cafe: Lost Quarter. No change here, get it?
Peel Pub: Frank & the Foreplay. What force?
Deja Vu: The Jimmydags.
Foufounes: Jerry Jerry and the Warren Campbells, gonna be ready for baseball sunday morning.
Rising Sun: Mango stars with Sir Monti. The #6 worst explosion in history was in Texas City, Texas in 1947 when a bunch of explosions blew up the city. This one is a long one but it's pretty neat, check this out. First a ship filled with peanuts, cotton, oil-well machinery and sisal twine arrived in port to be loaded with 1400 tons of ammonium nitrate fertilizer. Fire broke out in the ship but they didn't want to ruin the contents with water so they let it burn. The boat was about to be towed out of harbour when it blew up. This explosion rattled windows 150 miles away and killed some spectators. The giant wave caused the nearby Monsanto chemical plant to blow up killing many of the survivors of the first blast. A little while later another tanker filled with nitrates blew and this brought the official death toll to 468 and injuring thousands. They say the death toll was higher because there were a lot

of migrant workers who slept in the area and they were probably wasted. They say the probable cause of the initial fire was careless smoking. They should put this story on the side of cigarette packs. "The Surgeon General has determined that smoking can lead to massive explosions." On with the listings.
Tycoon: Weather Permitting. Amok wimp rock. (Now now, can't you just stick to picking on the Asexuals and Chinese Backwards?—ed.)
Station Ten: Green Deep. Do you realize that you can almost spell Satan in Station Ten's name, does this mean anything? (It means you can't spell—ed.)

Sunday, June 11th
American Rock Cafe: War Brides.
Peel Pub: Frank & the Foreplay
Deja Vu: Bowser & Blue
Foufounes: Amnesty benefit with Urge Overkill from Chicago or thereabouts, Asexuals, Swinging Relatives and Dysfunction.
Rising Sun: Mango.
Tycoon: Portable Ethnic Taxi and Billy Shakespeare.
Station Ten: Boys Next Door from Ottawa with High Yellow.

Monday, June 12th
Peel Pub: The Beechnuts. Sounds like shitty stuff to me. Probably go over well.
Deja Vu: Bowser & Blue.
Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam session with Nasty.
Station Ten: Battle of the Bands. Tonight it's Gene Cutter, The Lonesome Canadians, Ashes & Whiskey and Standing Room Only.

Tuesday, June 13th
Peel Pub: The B'nuts
Deja Vu: The Puritans.
Station Ten: Silent Scream. The #5 worst explosion in history was in Bombay, India in 1944. A ship carrying 1300 tons of TNT and cotton caught fire in the harbour. The fire spread to the TNT and blew killing 40 firefighters, minutes later another explosion happened which wiped out 19 other ships in the harbour and 800 to 900 people on the shore. There was \$80 million in damages over 100 acres.

Wednesday, June 14th
Peel Pub: The Beechnuts
Deja Vu: The Puritans
Cafe Campus: Orealis.
Rising Sun: Dance Hall night with DJ Mellow G
Station Ten: Pictures From Above. Above what?

Thursday, June 15th
Peel Pub: Just Alice. Alice Cooper trib-

ute band from Hamilton.
Deja Vu: The Puritans strike out again.
Foufounes: Metal night with Leprocy, Genetic Error and Soothsayer.
Rising Sun: Mango and his ganga. (Huh?—ed.)
Tycoon: E127. Now what does this stand for. If you don't write a letter to RearGarde in the next two months and tell me I will start making it up, then you'll threaten to sue me and we'll both be unhappy. Not like getting your name in the Mirror, is it?
Station Ten: Captain Crunch And Let's Do Lunch or, as the guy from the Tycoon calls them to our listings personnel, Captain Crunch and Let's Have Lunch.

Friday, June 16th
American Rock Cafe: Broken Smile, well fix it goddammit.
Peel Pub: Just Alice, uhh... do you guys know School's Out?
Deja Vu: Double Take. Or as we say in the past, Double Taken.
Foufounes: Ray Condo and his Hardrock Goners record launch.
Rising Sun: Imperial Force.
Tycoon: American Devices. Back to haunt us once again. Before they put the album out they would play once every six months, now the album's out and they never get the power unplugged on them and play a couple times a month. Geeesh, who would figure.
Station Ten: Rick Ruthless and the Almost Dangerous. Enough of them.

Saturday, June 17th
American Rock Cafe: Broken Smile.
Peel Pub: Just Alice.
Spectrum: 10,000 Maniacs. Yuppie New Wave.
Deja Vu: Double Take.
Foufounes: Me, Mom & Morgentaler. Love or hate the name, it's still a good name.
Rising Sun: Imperial Force.
Tycoon: Ashes & Whiskey. Not on my carpet you don't.
Station Ten: The Creatures. Several Species, and the Scraps. A probable first here, a band from Philadelphia (The Creatures). I have a tape of them but I don't know what it sounds like.

Sunday, June 18th
American Rock Cafe: Billy Shakespeare.
Peel Pub: Just Alice goes home. Apparently they have a live snake on stage with them. Just thought I'd warn you.
Deja Vu: Double Take.
Foufounes: Amnesty month continues at Foufounes with 3/4 Putain, Joe 90 and E127. Now what does that name mean?
Rising Sun: Mango.
Station Ten: The Gong Show. No, I'm

not in it.

Monday, June 19th
Peel Pub: After the stupid tribute band we now get Double Take here, oh boy, what a week.
Deja Vu: Bowser & Blue.
Foufounes: Black Monday. Tonight Women Body Painting, I don't think it's a band.
Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam session with Billy Boy Blues Band.
Station Ten: Battle of the Bands with YCK Inc., Les Tchigaboux, Raw Hex and Up In Arms. Up In Arms reminds me too much of Up With People.

Tuesday, June 20th
Peel Pub: Double Take
Deja Vu: Guess Who? (Ennmerson, Lake

and Palmer?—ed.) It's Bowser & Blue.
Station Ten: Still Smiling. By the way the #4 worst explosion of all time had a three way tie between Cali, Columbia in 1956, Oppau, Germany in 1921 and Salonika, Greece in 1898. All killed about a thousand people and were all, considering this paper, rather uneventful. The Colombian was caused by trucks carrying explosives and leveled over 2,000 buildings. The German one was caused by the explosion of a gas generator at a chemical works and levelled one third of the city and the Greek one was when 340 barrels of gunpowder exploded in a storehouse.

Wednesday, June 21st
Peel Pub: Double Take. By the way Chico, anytime you wanna do the listings with me it'll be a pleasure man. I hear your going to Chile for awhile, why don't you send us some listings from Chile? I'll find some room here to put them in.
Deja Vu: Bottoms Up. What's the definition of endless love? See next Deja Vu listing for the answer.
Cafe Campus: Weddings. Parties. Anything from Australia. Cool band from vegamite land.
Foufounes: Habeus Corpus theatre. Whatever.
Rising Sun: Dance hall Reggae with DJ Mellow G
Station Ten: Shadows at Dawn.

Thursday, June 22nd
Peel Pub: Double Take
Deja Vu: Bottoms Up. Stevie Wonder and Ray Charles playing tennis.
Tycoon: Silent Scream with Frozen Soul. The #3 worst explosion of all time was our CanCon for this page. It was of course the Halifax Explosion of 1917. The deal was two boats (one empty and the other loaded with munitions) collided and exploded. Another ship tried to put out the fire but they too were caught in the explosion. During the initial fire a hell of a lot of people stood on shore to watch the excitement but when the thing blew there was nothing left, not even their excrement. Poetic justice. Anyways not much happened as both boats were considered at fault. A total of 1600 people were killed and 6000 were injured, over 10000 became homeless and property damage was estimated at \$35 million. The whole escapade helped Halifax become a decent city as the rebuilding modernized the joint and brought it into the 20th century.
Station Ten: The Stand with the Drones.

Friday, June 23rd
American Rock Cafe: Third Stone. He who casts the third stone shall hurt his back, or something like that.
Peel Pub: Double Take. Double Take
Deja Vu: Bottoms Up
Foufounes: Jean LeLoup. Who????? (Actually, he's got a pretty funny video

on MusiquePlus where there's all these folks waking up all over this small run-down apartment after sleeping on floors, in the bathtub, on the toilet, on a drum, etcetera. They play it all the time and if you weren't so busy watching all those Pay TV channels, drinking vast quantities of alcohol, and flitting around the world in your Lear Jet, you'd know more about Jean, who's a pretty funny guy (at least he's funny on video when he gets to rehearse a lot and can erase all the unfunny parts)—ed.)
Tycoon: Big Green Shelter. Check 'em out.
Station Ten: Fainting In Coils.

Saturday, June 24th
American Rock Cafe: Third Stone.
Peel Pub: Double Take.
Deja Vu: Bottoms Up.
Foufounes: Vent Du Mon Schaar.
Tycoon: Benta. I can't resist. Outta Shapea. HAHAAHAHAHAHA.....
Station Ten: Fainting In Coils.

Sunday, June 25th
American Rock Cafe: Kliche. Wow, a great band. Many original thoughts and chord changes. Just some clichés I've heard. I know one; they're tight. By the way whatever happened to Rude Guru?
Peel Pub: Double Take.
Deja Vu: Bowser & Blue. The #2 worst explosion of all time was in Brescia, Italy in 1769. The deal was that more than 100 tons of gunpowder blew in the state arsenal. It destroyed more than 1/6th of the city and killed more than 3000 people. What happened was dust that was stuck in the air was stuck by lightning. Oh well.
Foufounes: Uniform Choice, Fearless Iranians From Hell, Die Kreutzen and Verbal Assault. Oooo...
Rising Sun: Reggae with Mango.
Station Ten: The Good Time Band. Ya Ya whatever you say. What are you going to do, shoot silly string all over the place?

Monday, June 26th
Peel Pub: ESP.
Deja Vu: Bowser & Blue
Station Ten: Battle of the Bands. Legal Talk, Blue Flame, The Promise and Savage Garden. I give up. (hey, whatever happened to predicting the winner? I think Bowser and Blue'll win—ed.)

Tuesday, June 27th
Peel Pub: ESP.
Deja Vu: According To Roger.
Foufounes: Attila the Stockbroker from England and Rhythm Activism from Montreal. Ranting Poets alike. Show of the month? As for the #1 explosion of all time happened in 1856 on the island of Rhodes in Greece. More than 4000 were killed when lightning struck gunpowder in a church basement. Now what gunpowder was doing in a church basement I don't know but what all these incidences show is that we should learn to store our gunpowder better or at least learn to steer a boat. Stay tuned for one more.
Station Ten: Ghost Riders.

Wednesday, June 28th
Peel Pub: ESP.
Deja Vu: According To Roger
Cafe Campus: Some sort of festival. Ya got the Mommyheads from New York, Clive Pig, supposedly like Billy Bragg and Weather Permitting.
Station Ten: Jitterbug Swing.

Thursday, June 29th
Spectrum: Xymox and Moev. Not much to say here.
Foufounes: Imperial Force.
Rising Sun: The Swinging Relatives
Tycoon: Sons of the Desert. The strangest explosion I came across happened in 1917 in Boston. What happened was a giant molasses factory exploded and waves of molasses, some as high as 30 feet, wiped out the North End. A total of 23 were killed and many were injured. A lot of horses were put to death because they were stuck in the stuff. Everbody had molasses on their shoes and clothes and I gather not too many were too thrilled about it all. The smell of molasses lasted for weeks and Boston Harbour was brown for 6 months afterwards. You know, maybe there's some still there—their harbour is still brown.
Station Ten: The Mommyheads from New York with Hugu Groove Experience.

Friday, June 30th
American Rock Cafe: Double Take.
Peel Pub: ESP.
Deja Vu: According to Roger.
Foufounes: Universal Congress of...
Station Ten: The Switch with the Elements. Bye.

WHAT'S UP

American Rock Café: 2080 Aylme. 288-9272
Café Campus: 3315 Queen Mary. 735-1259
Club Soda: 5240 Park. 270-7848
Concordia University: 1455 de Maisonneuve.
Foufounes Electricques: 97 Ste Catherine St. E. 845-5484
Grand Café: 1720 St. Denis 849-6955
Montreal Forum: 2313 Ste. Catherine W. 932-2582
Peel Pub: 1106 de Maisonneuve W. 845-9002
Rising Sun: 286 Ste Catherine St. W. 861-0657
SAS: 382 Mayor
Spectrum: 318 Ste. Catherine St. W. 861-5851
Station 10: 2071 Ste. Catherine St. W. 934-0484
Theatre St. Denis: 1594 St. Denis. 849-4211
Thunderdome: 1252 Stanley. 397-1628
Tycoon: 96 Sherbrooke St. W.

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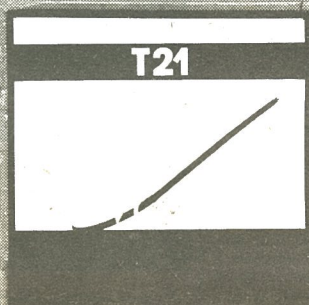
STATE OF THE UNION

UPCOMING
CONCERTS

NOMEANSNO (JUNE)

TUPELO CHAIN SEX (JULY)

SNFU (JULY)



UPCOMING
RELEASES

ASEXUALS LP (JULY)

EN GARDE COMP. (AUGUST)

DYOXIN LP (JULY)

BERURIER NOIR 12" (JULY)

BERURIER NOIR LP (SEPTEMBER)